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PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
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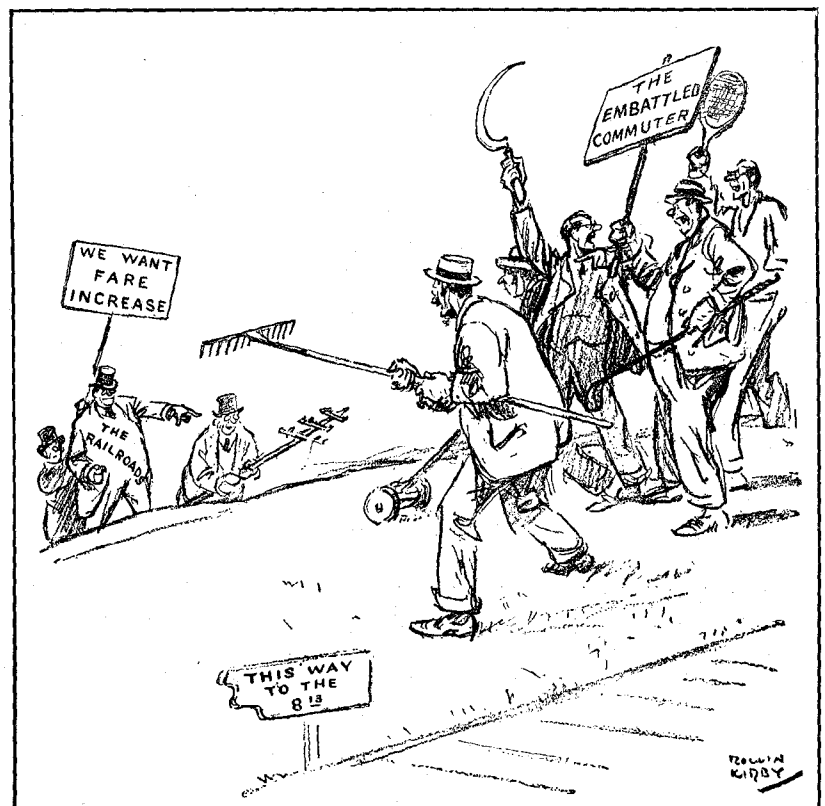
TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

WHERE THE EMBATTLED COMMUTER STANDS

WHERE ONCE THE EMBATTLED FARMER stood, there now stands the embattled commuter, for, as one New York paper puts it, just as we have had in the past agrarian revolts and uprisings of the city proletariat, so unrest is now stirring "in the breast of the citizen who is by destiny or choice half rural, half urban—the commuter." There is real discontent in the wide open spaces "where men are commuters and their wives meet them at the 6:41 afternoons with the family sedans," so remarks the Newark *News*, in a city which is at once a suburb of New York and the center of its own ring of commuters' suburbs. This is no local matter; as the New York *World* observes, the success of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad in obtaining permission from the regulative authorities for a 40 per cent. increase in commutation rates "has alarmed all suburban communities." And "in apprehension of action involving Chicago, Philadelphia, and other centers, as well as New York, a national organization of commuters is being formed." This is the outgrowth of a union of New York commuting groups aroused by rate increases, into the Metropolitan Commuters' Association, said to have something like a million actual or potential members. This body came into existence, according to a resolution passed at one meeting, because "it was felt that the very life of suburban communities is threatened." Said one of the leaders in the movement:



THE NEW BATTLE OF LEXINGTON
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

"It will be a nation-wide fight from now on. Our victory will have its reaction in Chicago and other commuting centers of the country. I can not prove it, but I am confident that there is a conspiracy among the railroads to bring about increased commutation rates on all lines."

And to quote a representative of the railroads, we find *The Railway Age* (New York) asserting that the ultimate outcome of the New Haven case "is of the greatest importance to all railroads operating suburban service, since it may set a precedent for the attitude of the authorities to the service and the principles that will guide them in dealing with it."

The case which has mobilized the metropolitan army of commuters began with the success of the New Haven in securing from the Interstate Commerce Commission last year permission to increase its commutation rates between Connecticut points and New York City 20 per cent. This year it received permission to raise these rates another 20 per cent. and was granted by the New York Public Service Commission an increase of 40 per cent. on rates between points in New York State, thus putting interstate and intrastate commutation rates on the same level. Commuters' organizations at once swung into action. A judge arranged to have the New Haven give rebate checks to all buyers of intrastate tickets at the new rates, effective August 1, in order to facilitate securing a refund of the increase in case a rehearing before the Public Service Commission resulted in any modification of the rate. Efforts were initiated for similar action in connection with the interstate rates. It is the opinion of *The Railway Age* that the present contest either "will end abruptly in favor of the railroad, or else a fight in the courts will ensue; there is apparently little danger that the increase granted to the road will be permanently and unchangeably removed at any early date."

There is plenty of logical justification for the united defense of the commuters against what they fear means a general policy of rate-raising on the part of the railroads, contends the Brooklyn *Eagle*. This Brooklyn paper points out that when railroad rates are increased beyond a certain point, passengers travel by flivver or motor-bus, and freight is sent by truck, but—

"There remains the commuter. He has perhaps rented a house for the season. Oftener he has built him a house. He has tried to make a home. Most of his savings may be invested

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where he lives. He has counted on fair railroad rates, for monthly tickets, free from fluctuations, stabilized, to go with stabilized train service. In the very nature of things he must depend on the railroads. Barring the millionaires, no man can afford to be driven to the city 300 days a year, rain or shine, in his own motor-car. The commuter must pay what is charged or sell out his lease or his home on a sharp falling market. He is the milch cow of the railroads."

Of course, "any question of fare changes has to be decided separately by each road," but, argues the New York *World*, "certain general factors apply to the commutation policies of all railroads and should limit any attempt to fix fares upon a pure cost basis":

"Most roads recognize it as part of their service to the public as well as to their own interest to promote the diffusion of population. In the past they have advertised low rates to suburban home-makers. Once the commuter settles in a suburb he has to ride, willy-nilly, while the value of his property is affected by the fare he pays. The new Mamaroneck fare is $4.14 a month more than before it was increased from $9.24 to $13.40. That is not a small sum to a man of modest means budgeting his income to pay off a mortgage. It is $50 a year, or the interest on $830. A Mamaroneck commuter may feel that the increased fare lowers the value of his home by just that much. Here we have a social factor that the railways should bear in mind in considering rate increases.

"Again, the growth of suburbs increases other traffic revenues than those furnished by the commuter. Cities arise, and the railway is their line of freight supply. Industries spring up and furnish traffic. Every resident family has its visitors who pay full fare. Railways which make low rates to build up suburbs act on the same principle as the Western lines which offer tourist fares for home-seekers, and they can not fairly consider the commuter apart from the traffic he has created. If high fares check suburban growth, as in Upper Westchester, the road injures itself. This is clearly an economic factor that should not be lost sight of in the treatment of rate questions.

"A national association of commuters should bring these considerations forcibly to the attention of rate-making bodies. But it should go beyond this. It should try to bring home to cities like New York the future magnitude of the commuter problem and the necessity for early cooperation with the railways to solve it."

To turn to the railroad side of the case, we note the New Haven's argument before the Interstate Commerce Commission that its commutation passenger traffic has not yielded a fair proportion of revenue as compared with the revenue derived from its other passenger traffic. The Commission in granting the increase remarked that the large increase in the New Haven's commutation traffic has unquestionably "diluted the passenger traffic revenue as a whole and has lessened the margin between the revenues and expenses of the passenger service." *The Railway Age* thus defends the railroads against the attack of the embattled commuters:

"Suburban business was at first on most roads—and still is on many—practically an ancillary service, the bulk of which to total railway traffic was so slight that it could be carried at out-of-pocket costs. In an earlier day when terminal and other facilities were not overtaxed, commutation probably enjoyed a position similar to that of excursion traffic, which can be handled at extremely low rates without prejudice to railroad net earnings. Now, however, in most places conditions have changed. Suburban traffic has grown to the point where it tends to crowd out traffic which pays a much higher rate.

"Suburban traffic on the railroads is growing out of all proportion to other passenger traffic. A railroad can afford to carry a little unremunerative traffic and still exist, but when the unremunerative traffic shows a tendency to increase to the point where it interferes with paying traffic—and indeed threatens to overwhelm it—then steps must be taken to make it at least pay its own way.

"Service must be paid for by some one. The only method open to the railroads at the present time is by increasing rates. What have the combatant commuters to offer instead?"

Aside from the fact that costs for wages, materials, supplies have been going up enormously in late years and that taxes are 150 per cent. above pre-war levels, there is the fact, cited by *The Wall Street Journal*, "that even before the war commutation traffic was never profitable in itself." Continues this financial daily:

"Monthly rates then made were justified on the ground that building up of suburban communities created profitable local freight traffic and brought some higher-rate passenger traffic in the traveling of the commuter's family and friends. Express business was likewise augmented.

"To-day it is exactly this local freight and express business that is deserting the rails for the highways. Fifteen years ago some of the big department stores made their suburban deliveries through carload shipments to a central point. Now the city stores send their own trucks ramifying through the suburban area. Even coal and building materials move ten to twenty miles from central yards or waterfronts by gasoline. The commuter's wife motors to town more often than she takes a train. Thus reasons for departing from the sound rule that every service should pay its cost have now largely disappeared."

One New York paper, *The Journal of Commerce*, dislikes this talk of nation-wide organization of commuters, and wonders whether the real effort is not "one to organize the rather large commuting population the country over in very much the same manner that the farmer is now organized for purposes not dissimilar and for the employment of methods that have been made famous (or, rather, infamous) by the agricultural producers." It says:

"The principle upon which they seem to be working is one of which enlightened and fair-minded citizens ought to be ashamed.

"It ought to go without saying that charges of a giant railroad 'conspiracy' in any accurate sense of that overworked term are simply silly. All railroad rates are now supervised and fixt directly or indirectly either by the Interstate Commerce Commission or by corresponding local organizations."

What will happen, asks the New York *Times*, when the railroads' necessity clashes with the commuters'? Perhaps a government subsidy, for, "like the British mines, the American commuter is a national asset and an essential industry." As *The Times* explains:

"Participating in the life of the town and the country, the commuter may suffer to some extent from the inconvenience of both; but plainly he shares also in the virtues of both. He is alert; our comic literature of the last half century has made that plain. But he has also the steadiness which we associate with the denizen of the open land. The commuter is bound to the stern discipline of the train schedule, which imposes regular hours and early rising. The humorists have concentrated on the morning cup of coffee taken on the rush; they have chosen to overlook the moral values. In the suburbs a man does gulp down his coffee, he does skid for the train, because that train must be made. In the city, if not this car it is the next car, if not ten minutes late it is fifteen minutes late, and the taxis are always there to be jumped into; and so habits grow lax and character is undermined. The conveniences of the city are also its corruptions.

"It is hardly necessary to restate the commuter's contribution to the maintenance of social institutions and the enhancement of social values. He migrates into the country because of the home instinct and the home-owning instinct. He wants a back yard for his smaller children to play in and grass on a front lawn for his growing son to cut. For their sake he submits to the burden of long hours and regular habits. It is true that the martyrdom of the male commuter has been somewhat exaggerated, and that too little notice has been taken of the somewhat longer hours and considerably more regular habits of the commuter's wife. But there is enough to keep both occupied. The common task exercises a beneficent influence on the preservation of the family, so seriously threatened by the debilitating idleness of the city apartment.

"To be sure, the apartment house is creeping into the country. The fresh air is still there for the children, but the individual back yard and lawn-mower are menaced. Perhaps, however, they are not essential. Comradeship and cooperation between the commuter and his wife can not be destroyed. Among other things he must have some one to meet him at the station in the flivver."

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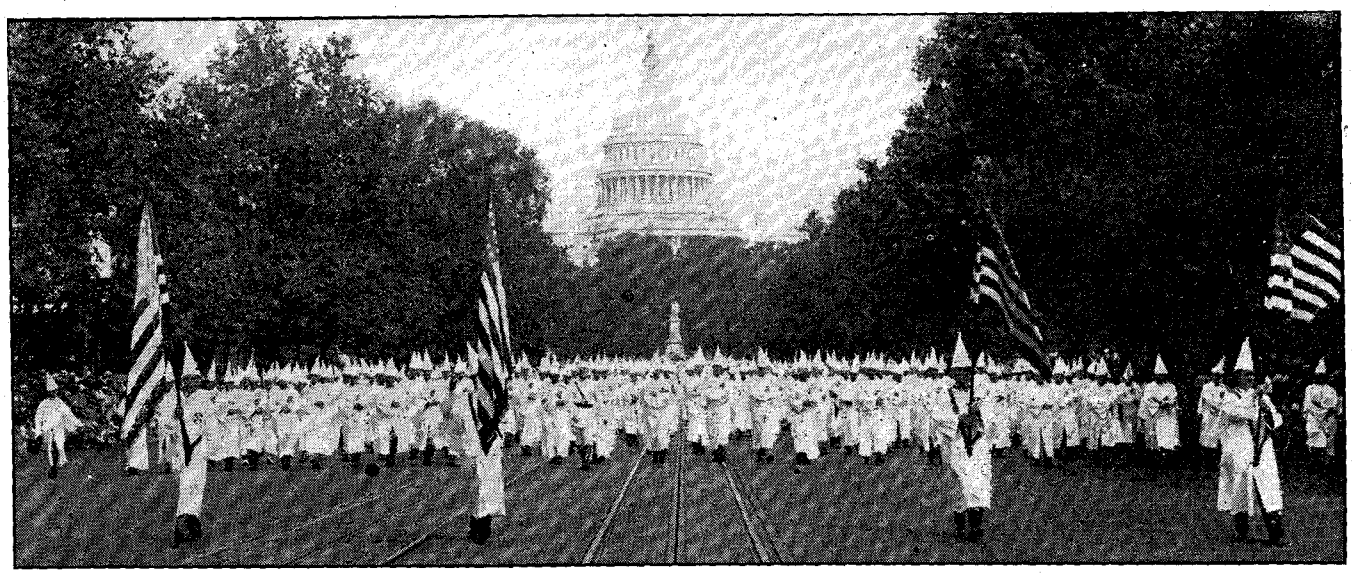

P. & A. photograph

"THE PARADE WAS GRANDER AND GAUDIER BY FAR THAN ANYTHING THE WIZARDS HAD PROPHESIED"

THE KLAN WALKS IN WASHINGTON

"OH, SAY NOT SO!" gasped a Maryland newspaper the other day when everybody was "quivering in excited anticipation of 100,000 ghostly apparitions wafting through the streets of the national capital to the stirring strains of the 'Liberty Stable Blues,'" and word came from Washington that the mammoth parade of the Ku Klux Klan had been called off. This Maryland paper, the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, cried, "Darn! Thus goes a-glimmering the thrill of a lifetime." But the mammoth parade had not been called off, and news that it had not was provocative of press comment the country over. For example, "Go to it, Klan!" said one editor; "let the nighties gleam!" The Baltimore *Sun*, in an editorial headed "Have a Heart!" said: "Washington languishes, a fit place for hookworms and sleeping sickness. Into that depressing solemnity comes the Ku Klux Klan to kick up a few didoes. Deprive it of its fiery cross? Gosh, no!" The Syracuse *Herald* said: "Ku-Kluxism is least harmful and menacing when the sun shines on it. Only in the dark can it make trouble. For that reason, we say, let them parade." When Thomas L. Avaunt, the former Klan official who is now the head of the Protestant Knights of America, protested to President Coolidge against the proposed demonstration, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* protested, "Avaunt, Mr. Avaunt, and let the Ku Klux parade!" This was the common attitude, except at the Capitol, where a certain apprehensiveness prevailed, and the Washington *News* took pains to declare, "There isn't going to be the slightest disorder," while the Washington *Evening Star* said, "There is no occasion for alarm," adding:

"Agitation on the score of possible violence is unwarranted by any of the known factors in the case. Permission for this parade was granted by the District Commissioners on condition that the Klansmen march without masks. The fact that otherwise they wear the costume of the order is not of any more importance or significance than the marching of uniformed organizations of any description. The Commissioners could not discriminate between applicants for the right to use the streets for parading purposes, and their action in granting this permit was not only justified but required."

P & A. photograph

HE LED THE PARADE

Imperial Wizard Hiram W. Evans

Nevertheless, as a Universal Service dispatch from Washington to the New York *American* informs us, all precautions were taken to prevent disorder, and Thomas L. Avaunt was arrested and later released. He distributed an anti-Klan circular which read: "All Christian men and women bow their heads in shame when they know their city will soon be bathed in blood."

It was not "bathed in blood" or at all harmed, tho the numbers of the arriving hosts exceeded expectation. On the eve of the demonstration, the Washington *Evening Star* reported:

"Thousands of these white-robed figures, old and young, had congregated east of the Capitol, flaunting American flags and banners emblazoned with the mystic symbols of the Klan, long before the hour set for the start of the unique parade. There were men in white satin robes; they were the kleagles, dragons, kligrapps and other high officers in the various State units. Others wore garments of a cheaper material; they were the rank and file of the 'invisible empire.' Mingling with them, in countless numbers, were the families of the Klansmen."

The parade itself marshaled "from 50,000 to 60,000 white-robed men and women," as the correspondent of the New York *Times* estimates, and H. L. Mencken tells us in the New York *Sun:*

"The Klan put it all over its enemies. The parade was grander and gaudier, by far than anything the wizards had prophesied. It was longer, it was thicker, it was higher in tone. I stood in front of the Treasury for two hours watching the legions pass. They marched in lines of eighteen or twenty, solidly shoulder to shoulder. I retired for refreshment and was gone an hour.

"When I got back Pennsylvania Avenue was still a mass of white from the Treasury down to the foot of Capitol Hill—a full mile of Klansmen and their ladies.

"No one seems to know what brought them in. When the gentlemen of the press went to Klan headquarters they were kicked out. It is not even established who commanded the parade. The Imperial Wizard, the Hon. Mr. Evans, was in it, but he profest to be only a guest. One tale has it that the Klansmen of the North organized the show to annoy and dismay their brethren of the South. Another had it that it was planned by local mayors of the palace to shame and get rid of the august Evans. But if any such evil purpose lurked under the surface there was certainly no sign of it on top."

Other explanations of the purpose of the Klan

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parade are offered by various newspapers. According to the Louisville *Post*, "it was the application of a pulmotor to a dying cause." To the Atlanta *Constitution* "the real significance of the gathering" was to be found in "the secret meeting of Klan chiefs." Carlisle Bargeron, of the Washington *Post*, thinks that a desire to outdo the Holy Name Society's demonstration furnished the incentive, while Paul R. Mallon tells the Pittsburgh *Post* that the affair was "a gesture of Northern Klansmen toward wresting control of the organization from the South."

As the Providence *Journal* reminds us, "some months ago the Klan leaders invited Mr. Coolidge to review the forthcoming parade. Of course they did not really expect him to accede to their request. They were merely bent on putting him in a hole because he had reviewed the parade of a Catholic society of which the admirable purpose is to discourage the taking of the Lord's name in vain." The President neither

HIS ANTIDOTE FOR EVERY INDUSTRIAL AILMENT

—Smith in the Brooklyn *Citizen*.

accepted nor declined the invitation, we are told, and David Lawrence informs us in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington:

"It was announced here that the invitation 'had not been received,' which is tantamount to saying that even if a sufficient amount of postage is placed on the letter it will not get any further than the President's secretaries, who see to it that Klan letters are filed in a thick file especially prepared for such epistles.

"The view here is that the easiest way to embarrass the President is to require him in some way to meet the Klan issue, and the easiest way to save him embarrassment is to forget that the issue exists, or at least to decide that it has nothing to do with the Government or any of its functions."

Only a few newspapers denounce the Klan demonstration, now that it is over, and among those few is the Chicago *Daily Worker*, which says of the Klan:

"It is mainly anti-Catholic, but usually lines up with the capitalists against labor. Its high leaders are bidding against the Catholic church for the support of big business, but the Vatican's lieutenants are better educated than the sheet knights and stand closer to the ruling class.

"The question might be asked: Why was an organization with such a record of violence and murder given permission to march through the streets of the nation's capital? The answer is obvious: Because the K. K. K.'s violence is not directed against capitalism, but may be useful to it later on."

BRITAIN "SOLVES" HER COAL PROBLEM

A MOMENTOUS PRECEDENT was set up, say newspapers in both Great Britain and the United States, when the Baldwin Government obtained a vote of $50,000,000 in the House of Commons to subsidize the coal-mining industry. The alternative was a strike, "and that is something which I am not going to inflict upon the people of Great Britain if there is any honorable way out of it," declared the Prime Minister. And it is certain, asserts T. R. Ybarra, in a London dispatch to the New York *Times*, that the railroad workers would have struck in sympathy, "thus plunging Great Britain into industrial chaos." "The desperate expedient of a subsidy was employed only as a last resource to prevent a calamity unprecedented in the industrial history of the country," says A. G. Gardiner, in a London dispatch to the Consolidated Press Association.

The "subvention," as it is called in England, is to be continued for nine months, during which time a commission will endeavor to get at the facts of the coal mining industry. "On its face," explains the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "the Baldwin proposal is to grant a subvention to the mine-owners, under terms that will require them to pass along a portion of what they receive to the miners. This is a makeshift that is likely to cause no end of trouble. Neither the unions nor the owners care a rap about the consumer, who is already taxed to the limit." To the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "it is hard to see what Great Britain gains in the present instance." For—

"It may be that this subsidy will cost the British people less in money than would a mine strike. But there are other losses than money losses. There is such a thing as a loss of government prestige.

"If a subsidy to allow the mine owners to maintain the miners' wage scale, why not a subsidy to allow the railroads to maintain the railroad employees' wage scale? The Baldwin Cabinet has avoided a general strike, which might have been disastrous politically; but in preserving its own continuance in power, the Cabinet has set a precedent which may lead to a whole series of holdups by organized labor."

Furthermore, we are reminded that "there is something for us to think about" in the English situation. "The concessions granted the miners and mine-owners," points out the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, "probably have stiffened the necks of the American labor leaders in charge of the anthracite negotiations." According to the Kansas City *Star:*

"This singular action of the British Government was taken under a theory that appears, on examination, to work out to an exactly opposite conclusion to that apparently intended. The theory was that the settlement would prevent an increase of the price of coal to the public, because it was recognized the mine-owners, if they had to meet the miners' demands, would pass the increased cost of production along to the consumer. But it is quite obvious that in subsidizing the coal industry the Government has itself done that very thing, for every shilling that it pays to the owners to pay to the miners, it will collect a shilling from the taxpayers. This is how every Government subsidy must work out in the end, because Government, as an institution, hasn't and never can have a penny of its own, either to spend or give away. What it gives to one business, industry, or individual it must take from another, and it is the purest fallacy to suppose that in this case the British Government has kept down the price of coal. It has put it up just where the mine-owners would have put it if they had met the miners' demands directly instead of through the Government.

"The doctrine to which the Baldwin Government has given recognition has dangerous and far-reaching implications. Followed out, it will ultimately put the British taxpayers into all kinds of private industry, railroading, shipping, housing and agriculture. And not for profit. The Government gets nothing but the losses, and these it makes good by taxation. An amazing extension of the functions of Government, but probably a logical enough one following the experiment of the unemployment dole. From putting a premium on unemployment it was but a step to putting a premium on losses in private industry. Embarked on this course, it is not easy to see where the British Government

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is going to stop. Its predicament ought, at least, to be a warning to other Governments not to start."

Great Britain, we are told by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, is losing her coal markets because the cost of production is too great. Until next May the industry will be subsidized, in order to keep up production. But, asks this business daily:

"Will the treasury payments cease then? Is it the experience in England, or is it the experience in America, that a strong and well organized minority will permit a government to cease a regular money payment?

"England with her doles to the unemployed, England with her unemployed army of a million and a quarter or more—this England certainly has a bad enough morale now. The subsidy makes it worse.

"When various members of a family receive doles, they manage to live—not so comfortably, perhaps, as if they were employed and were drawing wages, but still they live. And they live without working.

"If a man goes to work he surrenders his dole, so he chooses to live on his dole. He is discontented because it is not larger. And those who are at work are discontented because others are living without working.

"Bad morale. And then, to make that morale worse, there comes a surrender to the mine unions. The Government pays millions to keep the miners working at a wage not justified by the price of coal in the markets of the world.

"It certainly looks as if England needs a show-down between the majority of her people and her labor union dictators."

"All this trouble—unemployment doles and competition from Ruhr coal—goes back to the war," says the Camden (N. J.) *Courier*, which maintains that "mankind can not devote five years to destruction, and then finish its job of reconstruction in five—or fifty—years." But the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* believes that—

"The least defensible policy to American eyes is the system of doles under which a million and a quarter persons out of work draw weekly stipends from the Government. Of course the destitute must be provided for; no one must be allowed to starve; but the doles which maintain the unemployed in idleness put a premium on worthlessness, and are making hosts of them unemployables who do not want and will not take offered jobs. Young women will not do housework; young men want easy work or none, and these young people are content to get married and live in fairly well fed indolence as wards of the state. That system removes incentive to better their condition."

There are many American editors, however, who believe that Prime Minister Baldwin had no other alternative when it came to the question of a subsidy or a strike that would paralyze British industry and trade. "Bitter as the subsidy pill is, it will be better than any makeshift settlement if it leads to the fundamental reorganization of the industry," thinks the New York *World*, and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* favors the subsidy because "it extends the dole system to industry as well as to the unemployed." Continues *The Ledger:*

"The direct grant from the British treasury to mine owners will be paid in wages to men who are at work instead of to idle men. Work instead of idleness is being subsidized. Since the British taxpayer must support somebody, it is better that it be a worker than an idler.

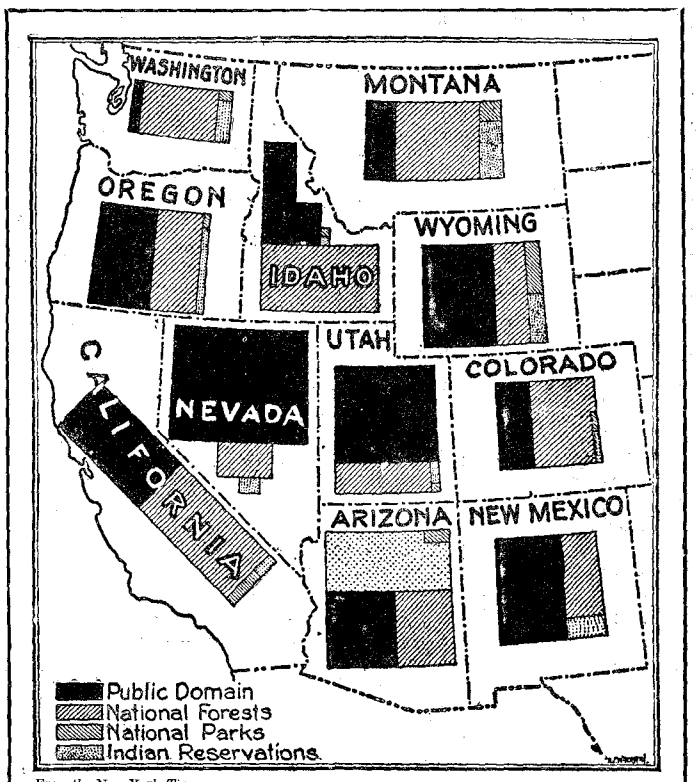
"This British surrender to the blackmailing of coal would be unthinkable on this side of the Atlantic, but to the British this mixed dose of politico-economic nostrums seems the only present remedy. The war left the subsidy germ in British blood. Doles and war grants were easy to start, but no British statesman has found a way to stop them.

"There is a new British generation, of non-working young men and women, bred in idleness. They have never done a day's work. Since 1919 they have cost the Treasury $1,000,000,000. For six years, 6 per cent. of the population has been supported by the taxpayers.

"The dole is now recognized as the most disastrous blunder Great Britain has made since the war. There can never be a genuine adjustment of British industrial troubles so long as Great Britain supports this army of dependents and parasites."

UNCLE SAM, REALTOR, UNDER FIRE

A MERRY SENATORIAL JUNKET and nothing more, thinks a New York paper, will be the inquiry into the administration and status of our public lands, national forests, and reservations by Senator Walsh's roving committee. As we are told, "the time has come, and indeed long past, when an end ought to be put to this perennial squandering of the people's money in perfectly meaningless 'hearings,' pleasant tours by Congressmen, and fruitless Senatorial 'investigations.'" Such is the opinion of *The Journal of Commerce*, which tells us, "Much more information is on file in Washington than a few Senators will ever obtain by 'hearings' in small towns throughout the country." The Boston *Globe*, however, refers approvingly to the series of hearings to be held by the Public Lands Committee in various Far Western cities, beginning next week. It tells us in



From the New York *Times*

GOVERNMENT HOLDINGS IN PUBLIC LAND STATES

More than half the land in these eleven States is held by the Federal Government. The 42,000,000 acres of government mineral lands (containing coal, oil, potash and minerals) are not included in the map, as they are not confined to the eleven public land States.

an editorial headed "Turn on the Light": "Already the Governors of ten States have been summoned as the first witnesses representing, respectively, California, Oregon, Utah, Washington, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and Colorado. When they have testified the committee plans to move in the regions affected most sharply by the question, taking evidence from other groups." The editorial continues:

"The size of this problem makes it difficult for most of us to appreciate its importance and its bearing upon government and upon national economy. Some idea can be gleaned by studying a few of the statistics relating to the States named. Exclusive of the national forest lands, 75 per cent. of all the land in Nevada is public domain; 18 per cent. of California; 30 per cent. of Wyoming; 12 per cent. of Colorado and Montana; 22 per cent. of Oregon; 8 per cent. of Utah; 19 per cent. of Idaho; 20 per cent. of Arizona; and 21 per cent. of New Mexico."

"Perhaps no more important use of the Congressional power of inquiry has ever been proposed" than the forthcoming investigation of the executive trusteeship over the public domain, thinks the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. "Virtually every bureau

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of the department to which some portion of the jurisdiction over this enormous acreage is committed will be under sharp scrutiny."

As the New York *Times* remarks, "Uncle Sam is in a class by himself when it comes to holding real estate. The lands that he owns or controls, altho he has been giving them away for a century, still constitute an empire of the first magnitude. The vastness of these conservations may be appreciated when it is said that the total is 431,000,000 acres, or about 675,000 square miles." Actually—

"This mighty Federal estate would make twelve New Yorks, or eighty-three New Jerseys. It is equal in area to France, Italy, the British Isles, Spain and Denmark combined, with 9,000 of Belgium's 11,000 square miles thrown in for good measure.

"The Federal holdings in almost any one of the eleven so-called public land States are greater in extent than all New England, with a pair of medium-sized outside States added. The cry in the Far West is that something useful ought to be done with this enormous and more or less idle territory.

"A swarm of vital questions will come up and demand answer when the committee begins its sessions. What, if anything, is wrong with the public-land policy? Is it true that the public domain is now a 'no man's land,' a property administered without any broad and settled policy at all to guide the administrators? What, if anything, is wrong with the administration of the lands? Is the investigation prompted by seekers after sensational political ammunition as a national campaign draws near? Who are making the complaints?

"Is it true that more than 90,000,000 acres of the 136,000,000 acres of national forests are 'treeless'? Is the administration of the Indian lands, in many instances, a farce, so far as the red man is concerned? Is it true, as charged by Senator Ashurst, a member of the committee, that the timber reserves are managed, to a large extent, by 'Eastern mollycoddles,' or, as one of the committee's counsel put it, by 'Boston dudes'?"

A further question: Is it true that "probably half of all the cattlemen whose herds graze the public lands are bankrupt?" As *The Times* reminds us,

"The assertion is made that 90 per cent. of all the cattlemen in one State are down and out, and that in another State 70 per cent. of the banks have failed because of the crisis in the cattle business. What part, if any, have the public-land and the forest services played in the disaster to the cattle-raisers? That question is one of the important ones that members of the committee say must be answered.

"The cattle industry in Arizona, says Senator Ashurst, will soon be exterminated unless something is done, and done quickly. 'Steaks on the plate are almost beyond the reach of the common citizen,' he says, 'while steak on the hoof brings no profit to the cattleman.' From that he argues that the problem of the use or the non-use of the public lands by the producers of beef is one that involves the cost of living in millions of American homes."

Nevada, as *The Times* points out, "provides a government for nearly 71,000,000 acres of land," policing and to a large extent maintaining it, yet with no voice in its management and deriving no taxes from it. When "72 per cent. of all Nevada is in the public domain or forest reservation, can we wonder that complaint is made?" Reading on—

"The lack of control over this vast domain, it is charged by some, has probably led to more bloodshed in the West than any other one cause. The feuds have been between sheepmen and cattlemen, and between sheep and cattle raisers and homesteaders. Most of the users of the land have for years clamored for a law that will give a man a chance to have some sort of guaranty or title when on the land. To date, however, Congress has not taken such action. This is another problem the committee will try to find a way to settle once and for all time.

"All sorts of solutions, varying from leasing to cession of the lands to the States, have been suggested. It is a knotty question, and no men are more alive to that fact than the Senate committee and the heads of the two great departments most concerned."

Moreover, there are the Indian lands, "all of which are in the Far Western States, much of their area the best land that can be found in those States." And the existing policy of allowing Indian cattle to graze on this land is attacked by Western cattlemen.

SECOND THOUGHTS ON THIRD PARTIES

THE DEATH-BLOW to the third-party idea is seen by the St. Louis *Star* in the recent announcement of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor that henceforth "no aid or comfort will be given those who seek to launch third-party movements." "What the new policy—or rather the return of the old policy—means," explains the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "is that organized labor will support the Presidential nominee of regular parties who seems most acceptable, but that its chief strength will be put behind legislative and Congressional candidates pledged to its aims," without regard to their party labels. Already preparations are under way for a "strenuous nonpartizan political campaign" in 1926. That the national labor convention to meet in October will sustain the Executive Council in this and in the "return to sanity," as one paper terms the recent change, "can not be doubted," remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

Which party will benefit chiefly from labor's new attitude? "The Democrats," replies the Democratic Macon *Telegraph*. The majority of editors, however, seem to believe that the "death" of the third party will benefit both the major political organizations. But in any case, declares the Hartford *Courant*, "the attempt to control and deliver the 'labor vote' is and always has been a joke, because there is no 'labor vote.'" As the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* points out:

"The class divisions which give rise to the labor parties of Europe do not exist in the United States, nor are they likely to exist here, for the political interests of labor in this country are identical, in the main, with the political interests of capital, and always have been; and the further difficulty arises for any one who would organize American labor as a political group that the increasing extent to which American labor is acquiring stock in the country's large industries is wiping out what demarcation has existed between the interests of American labor and American capital.

"No one ever has succeeded in delivering the labor vote of America to any candidate or party, and the Federation's announcement indicates that the prospects of the attempt succeeding are to be more remote now than ever."

"The high degree of comfort and prosperity now prevalent throughout the United States" is given by the Baltimore *Sun* as the reason why "no third-party movement has the ghost of a chance in this country." Moreover, we are informed by the Buffalo *Express*, "Victor Berger, of Milwaukee, also announces that the Socialists will not support young Mr. La Follette as they did his father." According to the New York *World:*

"Third-party movements in this country have invariably been protest movements, and there is not the wide-spread economic distress in the United States to-day to fire a new protest movement. That is one point. A second is that there are fundamental differences between American and British conditions, and that the example of the British Labor party has been proved not altogether pat. England has no South and no agricultural West to consider in founding a cohesive party of industrial labor. England has no Electoral College and no system of choosing a new Government by States. The United States has these things, and no party which represents industrial and urban workers exclusively can ever elect a President. There must be coalitions with farm organizations which have their own exclusive interests, often opposed to those of urban labor. The coalition is not real. For while it can protest against similar abuses, it has different remedies for those abuses, and its two sections think in different terms."

To date, observes the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

"The victories of labor have been achieved through consistent independence of parties practised through the years. Labor has chosen its friends from among all parties. It has urged and resisted policies in utter disregard of the party labels they might bear. It has played the rôle of an intelligent, independent citizen who wears no party yoke, but lends his support where he believes it merited.

"Were labor tied to any party it would deprive itself of a

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powerful weapon—the right to declare war on any political group or any individual office-holder or office-seeker, as its particular interest and the public interest may dictate.

"The two-party system is firmly established in the United States. Labor might identify itself with one or the other of the old parties, and perhaps for the moment make an impression on the political life of the country. In the long run, however, labor will get more by maintaining independence, voting with its friends and opposing its enemies regardless of where they may be found."

"Labor leaders realize," says the Columbus *Dispatch*, "that a majority party can not be built up from the ranks of labor alone." To quote the New York *Evening World:*

"The one advantage we have in America is that there is not a distinctly labor class, or a distinctly capitalistic class in a permanent sense. The curse of England to-day is the fact that its society has long been built upon the idea of a permanent labor class. The boy born of a miner knew that when he grew older he would be a miner. The result has been that English society has created, compelled a class consciousness, with all that means of class prejudices, passions, hates. The result is seen in the England of to-day.

"Here the classes dovetail. The laborer of to-day is often the employer of to-morrow. The son of the employer of to-day may be an employee of to-morrow. Men make their own careers. We have no caste system. It would be intolerable. We have no permanent class—it would be a tragic denial of Americanism. We need no labor party, and so long as there is a party fighting the battle of equal rights there will be no call for one.

"The Federation has acted wisely in returning to its old policy after its unfortunate experiment of last year."

The declaration of the Federation's executives "is also good strategy," thinks the El Paso *Times*, which points out that—

INDEPENDENCE

—Plaschke in the Louisville *Times*.

"For labor to support a third party whose votes, so far as the great industrial regions of the country are concerned, must be counted solely as labor votes, is for labor to show its political weakness.

"Labor has never been able to vote its muster rolls solidly in politics, or anywhere near it. When a labor party is in the field, as it was last year, this becomes strikingly evident by comparing organized labor's membership with labor's vote at the polls. Thereupon labor's demands lose, in proportion to the amount of this discrepancy, their effectiveness with practical politicians.

"On the other hand, in choosing between the candidates of two parties, neither of which is definitely a 'labor' party or definitely otherwise, this weakness does not show so openly. The candidate elected with labor's official support is likely to give labor credit above the other elements which support him for his actual majority, and to be correspondingly faithful to labor's program at the time of the election contest, and correspondingly awake to labor's demands in the future."

NEVER AGAIN!

—Pease in the Newark *News*.

In its announcement, the Federation's leaders said, in part:

"The Executive Council believes that as a result of its non-partizan political policy the launching of third-party movements has been proved wasted effort and injurious to the desire to elect candidates with favorable records. The 1922 and 1924 political campaigns definitely determined this fact. Experience therefore has taught labor that to be successful politically it must continue in the future as in the past to follow its non-partizan political policy."

On the other hand, *The Nation*, which supported the La Follette movement, avers that "it is not true that third-party movements in this country have been unsuccessful. The present Republican and Democratic parties both began with such movements." Furthermore, predicts the Denver *Rocky Mountain News*, "despite what happened a year ago, and notwithstanding the A. F. of L. announcement, third parties will continue in American political life." According to the Denver paper:

"The histories of third parties in this country from the beginning of the Republic would be most interesting. In comparatively recent times a third party has not been successful; but it has had often a most effective, tho in a sense indirect, influence upon American political history. Lincoln's election was made possible by a third party; Wilson could not have reached the White House without a third party being in the field. The Roosevelt movement did not die wholly in 1912. The spirit of it has been going on since. The Populist movement of thirty years ago had its influence upon the two older parties. A third party is an accelerator very often; it is not to be despised. Its main planks become the platform of one or both of the other parties not infrequently. At the next Presidential election there will be some kind of a third party."

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ITALY'S SURPLUS ITALIANS

GNASHING HIS TEETH on "the innocent toast and marmalade he was eating," Count Antonio Cippico, Italian Senator and close friend of Mussolini, stormed mightily at breakfast in a fraternity house at Williamstown the other day over the "outrageous affront" that had been offered Italy during a session of the Institute of Politics by Professor East of Harvard. The Professor, as we are told, had said that Italians, "instead of spawning children with a haphazard recklessness, should restrict their families," and John W. Smith, to whom we owe the details of the subsequent episode at breakfast, informs us that Count Cippico said of birth-control: "It is ungodly. It is immoral. It is impractical. It could ruin the human race." But the correspondents relate that Professor East had objected to the quality as well as to the quantity of Italian children, and, writing in the Boston *Post*, Mr. Smith says: "'As to Professor East's statement,' continued the Count, 'that Italy sends only her incompetents to America, that I positively deny.'" Also, Mr. Smith quotes him as declaring that if Dr. East were a professor in an Italian university he "would get the sack." Meanwhile, the Boston paper says editorially:

"It is no surprize to find President Garfield, of Williams College, repudiating and rebuking Prof. Edward M. East for his statement incident upon the Williamstown Politics Institute, slurring the Italian race and declaring that immigrants from Italy are the 'dregs' of that country's population.

"Compare with Professor East's ill-considered outburst these fine words from the son of James A. Garfield:

"'No one who is an American, who appreciates all the advantages that have come to America from the strong arms, as well as the excellent heads, of those who have come to us in the past years, will fail to give due credit for what we have received from Italy. It would be doing scant justice to these newer citizens of ours if we did not take occasion to say in an assembly like this that we owe them much, that they have contributed much to the well-being of the Commonwealth.'"

How the Cippico-East-Garfield imbroglio started is told in a special dispatch to the Boston *Herald*, which reports Count Cippico as having said that if the population of Italy went on at its present rate, "some outlet for it would have to be found," and as having said further:

"It is not enough that foreign countries should reopen their doors as a gracious favor to Italian labor. Pre-war Italians might be satisfied to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for foreign taskmasters. But post-war Italians will not be so satisfied. One of the worst errors of the Paris Peace Treaty was that no provision was made for giving Italy more colonial territories—Italy, who has the largest and most laborious emigrant population of any country in the world and the smallest colonial dominions.

"Either colonial territories should be given to Italy, where persons can settle under the Italian flag and increase the production of the world for the benefit of the whole world and not of Italy alone, or Italian emigrants in foreign and thinly populated countries must be grouped together and remain Italian citizens.

"If neither of these measures is taken, and the doors of foreign countries remain closed to Italian labor and industrial products, a very serious and even critical situation may arise, affecting not Italy alone, but the whole world."

To all this, Professor East is reported by a correspondent of the New York *Times* as having replied:

"The eminent Senator has our sympathy. We give it as one would give it to any suffering individual whose recklessness has brought him pain; but the cure does not lie in aiding a continuance of self-indulgence.

"The first Malthusian law is a mathematical law, inexorable as such laws are. Population does tend to press with irresistible force upon the means of subsistence in any given circumscribed unit. Under natural conditions population increase is finally repressed and stabilized by the intensity of the struggle for existence.

"Such a natural law may be harsh, it may be cruel, but we must accept it for what it is, like the law of gravitation. The world asks Italy, instead of spawning children with haphazard recklessness when they can be given no fair chance for a life of happiness and usefulness, to restrict families in accordance with opportunity.

"This advice is not incompassionate. It is the advice of a benevolent family physician who does not want to see a great career ruined by foolhardy indiscretion. It has back of it good and sufficient reasons.

"The first reason is the second law of Malthus, which says that the emigration which Count Cippico recommends is no permanent relief to a land of poor people oppressed by the results of their reproductive talents. Has not Italy been sending out her overflow for fifty years?

"The second reason is still more important. No nation wants the dregs drained from the bottom of the vat. We know Italy's greatness, her Galileos, her Leonardos, her Michelangelos. Does she send us these, even in humble imitations? She does not. Look over 'Who's Who in America' for Italian names. They are conspicuous by their absence. Look at the Army intelligence test records. They are low, so unconscionably low that they are a reproach and a shame to Italy's greatness. She is as well rid of them as an individual would be well rid of a cancerous tumor. I yield to none in my appreciation of Italian art, architecture, literature and science. Our culture here would be immensely improved if we could import and make our own some of the creative geniuses comparable to those who built so grandly in the Renaissance. Have we the slightest chance of obtaining them? Again I say no. The Grade-A men of Lombardy and Tuscany are not squeezed out by economic pressure. Such people take care of themselves. Furthermore, these Northerners are men of brains, thoughtful and foresighted. They are not producing Italy's excess. The excess comes from below Rome, people of a different race, people where Grade-A men are negligible in quantity, where grades D and E predominate. We don't need these people. We produce enough of that quality ourselves."

In an article published by the Washington *Star*, Frank H. Simonds characterizes the Italian Senator's address as "frank to the point of brutality," and tells us:

"Reduced to its simplest terms, what Count Cippico actually said was this: Italy, with a population close to 41,000,000, crowded into an area of 120,000 square miles—that is, less than twice the area of New England—finds itself lacking in almost all the essentials which go to make a modern State and beyond all else to constitute a great Power in the modern sense. Moreover, with a population increasing at the rate of nearly half a million a year, Italy not only sees herself without colonial territories in which to settle her growing population, but actually finds the doors barred against them in other countries, of which the United States is the most important.

"Italy must expand or contract, but she can only expand by trenching upon the boundaries of some other country, and to contract, to limit her population, means to sink inescapably to the rank of a second-class Power in respect to all other European great Powers, with the single exception of Germany, since all of them have the opportunity for almost limitless expansion within themselves."

As the Chicago *Tribune* sees it, "Count Cippico persuades us that Fascism is touching some high spots of madness," and nowhere in the press do we find any applause for his contentions, tho there are numerous voices raised in defense of the southern Italians against the criticisms dealt out by Professor East. For example, the New York *Evening World*, after remarking that the Professor "spoke as one under the spell of the Nordic fallacy," says:

"The southern Italians who come to us have contributed mightily to the material development of the nation. Poor, like other immigrants, uneducated, like the others, they offer the kind of service that is essential to progress and which our own people refuse to render. They are doing the work to-day that the Irish immigrant was doing in the last century when he too was referred to as 'the dregs.' The descendants of those much-abused Irish builders of railroads and diggers of canals are to-day among the leaders in finance, commerce, politics and literature. The sons and grandsons of the southern Italian immigrant of to-day may possibly give the descendant of Professor East a chance by making him a loan or giving him a job. That would be in line with the traditional evolution of the immigrant."

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HENRY FORD'S BARGAIN IN SHIPS

"IT IS INTERESTING TO THINK," remarks Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in one of his "tabloid" newspapers, the Los Angeles *News*, "that last year's ships will be next year's Fords." And if some of them turn turtle on the road, a paragrapher remarks, we will know it is because they were made of vessels junked by the Shipping Board. The acceptance of the Ford bid of $1,706,000 for 200 vessels indicates to editors the country over the inauguration by the Board of a scrapping policy on a large scale. Mr. Ford, it is said, will use all of the scrapped material and the engines of the ships, boilers, auxiliaries and other equipment in his factories, and thus avoid affecting the market in this material. Other bidders, we are told, not only failed to bid on the entire number of ships, but neglected to attach certified checks to their bids. They also contemplated selling the engines and boilers, something which the Board does not permit. Most of the ships, Ford interests announce, will be broken up for junk and turned into automobiles and tractors, but some of them will be fitted with Diesel engines and used in transporting Ford products to Europe and South America. "The loss incurred by the Government in this transaction must be written off as part of the cost of the World War," thinks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. As for the ethical questions involved in the transaction, let us see what the Birmingham *Age-Herald* has to say:

"Mr. Ford outbid his nearest competitor more than a quarter of a million dollars. The other bidders are protesting the acceptance of the Ford bid on the ground that he was not entitled to consideration, because he was tardy in putting in his offer before the Board. That argument, however, puts the cart before the horse. The Board's obligation is not to give bidders priority preference, but to dispose of the ships to the best public advantage."

That the Shipping Board was justified in awarding the contract to Mr. Ford is the contention of the great majority of editors. "These ships have been of no use to the Government since the war," explains the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*. "Moreover, they have depreciated rapidly in intrinsic value. It is better to realize something on them than nothing." To quote the Brooklyn *Eagle*:

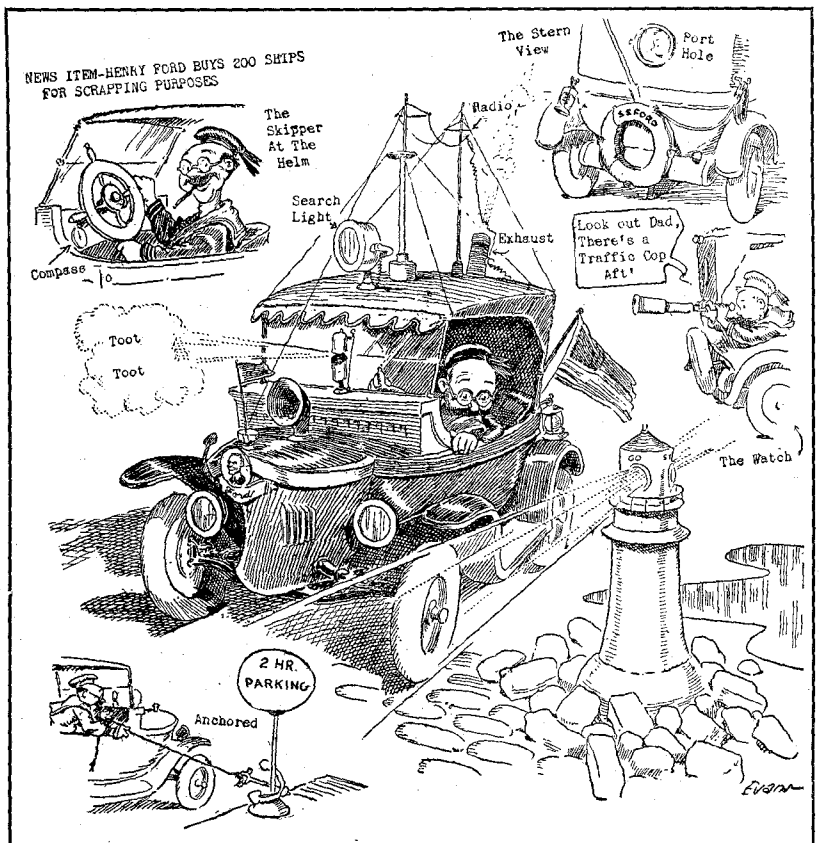
THE HANKS ARE COMING

—Cargill for the Central Press Association.

"They are costly even to maintain. To keep them afloat means throwing good money after bad. Moreover, their presence only serves to keep the ship markets unsettled, despite the fact that most of them are fit only for the boneyard."

There are editors, too, who maintain that both Mr. Ford and the Government obtained a bargain; "there is nothing incompatible in both parties to a transaction being benefited," declares the Indianapolis *News*.

While there seems to be no disposition to quarrel with these statements, the conditions under which the Ford bid of $1,706,000 was accepted, maintains the Macon *Telegraph*, "will stick in the craw of the American public." When the first bids for the 200 ships were opened on June 30, we are told, Henry Ford's was not among them. Yet, *The Telegraph* points out, Mr. Ford "knew when the bids were to have been opened. Seven days later, after the amount of the highest bidder had been given out for publication, and before it had been rejected, Henry Ford sent in his bid. On the same day the Shipping Board ordered new bids." "Knowing what the others had bid, it was no trick for Ford to make it higher," notes the Louisville *Post*, which thinks Ford "should have met the conditions imposed upon others." What this daily, *The Marine Review* (Cleveland), and other newspapers contend is that the amounts of the June 30 bids should have been kept secret until negotiations had been completed under the terms of the advertisement. Others, including the Louisville *Times*, believe Mr. Ford is getting too good a bargain; that the ships which Mr. Ford will convert to his own use will be worth the sum paid for all of them, and that he will have the junk as a margin of profit.



WE MAY EXPECT A NEW FORD MODEL SHORTLY

—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

THE British coal-strike has been settled—on the taxpayers.—*Columbia Record.*

PERHAPS so many Americans are dining in Paris just to rub it in on the former kaiser.—*Cleveland Times.*

ONE test of prosperity is when you can always get credit enough to live beyond your means.—*Collier's Weekly.*

ONE is almost driven to the conclusion that murder is prohibited in Chicago.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

THE Chicago *Tribune* says the new Cook County jail is to be like a hotel. Robbed occasionally?—*Louisville Times.*

IF Dr. Vizetelly succeeds in putting across his new forty-eight-letter alphabet, we wonder what will take the place of the old saying, "As simple as A, B, C."—*Portland Oregonian.*

IF China will quit being China, the Powers will give up their extraterritorial grabs.—*Los Angeles California Graphic.*

CHINA'S doubting attitude toward the Occident suggests that, while seeing may be believing, Peking is not.—*Wall Street Journal.*

GENERAL ANDREWS insists he will take Prohibition "out of politics." To what foreign clime does he expect to remove it?—*Columbia Record.*

"SILK stockings of United States keeps Japan in economic running."—*The Trib.* But it makes extravagant walking over here.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"NEW YORK," said Mr. Buckner, "used to be as wet as the Atlantic Ocean!" Now, of course, it is as dry as the Pacific.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE Fundamentalists, we take it, chopped down the tree of knowledge immediately after Adam was expelled from the Garden.—*Columbia Record.*

"SWINGING a scythe eight hours a day," says a baseball writer, "is the best possible developer of pitching arms." It gives that rural free delivery.—*Detroit News.*

SCIENTISTS have discovered that the bee is not busy; it just looks busy, they sneer. Another link connecting the human race with the lower animals!—*Life.*

To be sure, life becomes more complex. Twenty years ago I couldn't understand my wife. Now I can't understand my wife or my automobile.—*Atchison Globe.*

LOTS of people are losing sleep these midsummer nights wondering what the young Attorney-General of Tennessee will do when he learns the truth about Santa Claus.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

MUSSOLINI has ousted an American reporter for telling unwelcome truths. The young man evidently forgot what he learned in high school—"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."—*The New Yorker.*

WILLIAM BEEBE has just mapped the Hudson gorge for a hundred miles out to sea. That will be convenient when the bootleggers take to running in cargoes by submarine.—*New York Evening World.*

IT has now been made clear why so many lawyers were anxious to serve without remuneration in the Tennessee trial. Each of those who were present has gone back home with the honorary title of colonel.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

IT LOOKS LIKE THERE WOULD BE A RESCUE

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

ENOUGH may be defined as more than you have.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

MR. MADDEN'S proposals to slash taxes is not so Maddening as it sounds.—*Savannah News.*

WHEN all the world acquires an education, how're you going to pick a jury?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IF anybody is superstitious about a two-dollar bill give him a one-dollar bill.—*Philadelphia Record.*

IT is becoming quite a distinction to be killed by anything but an automobile.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

IT will be most discouraging to the jingoes to learn that the Japanese naval maneuvers this season will be held in Tokyo Bay and not San Francisco Bay.—*Washington Post.*

IF we accept the Darwin theory, we won't have any one to blame for raising Cain.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

So long as the nations carry war chips on their shoulders they will carry war-ships on their budgets.—*Columbia Record.*

THE two great drawbacks to the happiness of the motor tourist are the billboard and the board bill.—*The New Yorker.*

CHICAGO is having an average of two murders a day, which suggests that her slogan of "I will" would as well be "I kill!"—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

OUR national literature is naturally impoverished, with all our best fiction masters writing labels for the Scotch liquor bottles.—*Columbia Record.*

IF Senator Borah should wake up some night and should find the World Court lurking under his bed, we tremble for the consequences.—*Dallas News.*

ABOUT the only thing that the Fundamentalists and the Modernists agree on as absolutely essential in religion now is the regular collection.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

OF course, if the pay of enforcement sleuths is raised too high for bribery, the bootleggers will merely buy the Government and run it.—*Columbia Record.*

THE journalist who suggested that both sides in the coal dispute should wipe the slate clean no doubt meant well, but was perhaps a little tactless.—*Punch.*

IT should sadden Europe now and again to consider what might have happened if our A. E. F. had been as reluctant to come across as Europe.—*Detroit News.*

HENRY FORD has taken a sudden interest in dancing. Well, it would make him more of a benefactor to the human race than ever if he would do something to standardize the steps.—*New York Sun.*

THEY say Congress will be asked to suppress evolution, and it wouldn't surprize us if Congress should try to do so. The evolution suppression service might give salaries to thousands of political favorites.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

To take charge of his new dry enforcement districts, Col. Lincoln C. Andrews is looking for $100,000-a-year men to whom he will pay $7,500 a year to catch $500-a-year men who are making $100,000 in the rum business.—*Detroit News.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE BATTLE OF THE LATINS OVER LATIN AMERICA

"LATIN AMERICA FOR LATIN AMERICANS" seems to be the sentimental and spiritual slogan of advocates of Pan-Latinism and Pan-Hispanism, in the countries south of us, some of which, in being Pan-Americanized, feel they have been merely overshadowed by the United States. But this rallying cry, we learn from various Latin-American newspapers, has not met with unanimous response, because, it is said, statesmen, editors, authors, and intellectuals generally in Latin America, are engaged in a bitter controversy as to whether a Latin influence proceeding from Europe would be good for the ultimate fate of Central and South American countries. The campaign in favor of the introduction of such an influence, which is reported to be under way in nearly all Spanish-speaking countries, seems to be of two-fold origin.

First, we are told, the intense nationalistic doctrines preached by the eminent Argentine publicist, Manuel Ugarte, are beginning to bear fruit. Secondly is cited the efforts of a Peruvian publicist, Edwin Elmore, who nearly two years ago proposed a Latin-American Congress to be held at Havana for the purpose of "organizing Latin-American opinion on vital problems affecting the continent." The proposal of a congress has been in turn warmly applauded and sharply assailed. Among its defenders are to be noted the Havana *Social* and *La Opinion* of Tampico, Mexico. The former quotes Mr. Elmore as saying in his "first call to arms," that:

MANUEL UGARTE

An Argentine publicist, who says "For twenty years I have fought in advocacy of a rapprochement of the Latin-American nations."

"We must, by all means, act at once if we do not want to see this important project come to naught. We are directly menaced by the League of Nations, which is planning something similar—under French suggestion. Very effective steps are actually being taken to bring about the formation of an institute of intellectual cooperation in which French guidance will be uppermost. Thus, we are facing a French drive, which is like a new edition of the Pan-American drive, which itself is only a United States drive. We have never endeavored to define a common line of action. Should we delay to fix upon it now, efforts undertaken later, might be altogether useless."

In a contribution to the Madrid *Epoca*, Luis Araquistain, who is considered an authority on international matters, unreservedly endorses the congress project, saying:

"All Spanish-speaking men of letters, as well as statesmen, will undoubtedly approve the plan for a congress to be held soon in Havana. Tho no definite lines have been drawn, it is indubitable that the countries surrounding the Caribbean will immediately realize the immense value of the proposal. It would create a community of thought and opinion of the greatest significance, because of the ever-threatening menace from the North."

But in sharp opposition to the congress proposal, is an Argentine writer, Leopoldo Lugones, described in some circles as "a standard-bearer of Latin-American culture." His attitude has caused great surprize, it appears, because he seems to disagree on the desirability of opposing present Pan-American doctrines. Thus he says:

"Too long we have been accustomed to entertain perfectly useless thoughts, and the proposed congress belongs in that category. In the first place, no Spanish-speaking intellectual is sufficiently wealthy to attend at his own expense, a congress in a city so far away as Havana. The journey alone would take up two months of the time of most of the delegates—and two months count in the pocketbook of modest writers and publicists.

"Furthermore, how are these intellectuals to be chosen? Who would designate them? How could they be designated without a preliminary meeting? Apart from these technical obstacles, which preclude the possibility of the congress ever coming into being, let me add that there is no such thing as community of thought and ideal among the Latin-American nations. They are so divided, geographically, politically, and racially, as to be altogether foreign to one another. The fact that they speak the same tongue does not mean anything. Who has ever dreamed of organizing the public opinion of the British Empire? Or of the Scandinavian countries?"

Another element that the Latin Americans may not disregard, according to Mr. Lugones, is the United States, and he declares that without the United States "no American combine is possible." Much good may be accomplished with the cooperation of Spain, he concedes, but adds that "facts are facts, and painful as it is to acknowledge it, what little progress has been made toward a rapprochement among the Latin-American nations has been made with the direct intervention of the United States." This Argentine authority, in a letter to the Madrid *Sol*, goes on to say:

"Left to themselves the Latin-American countries would be still as they were before the first Pan-American conference more than thirty-five years ago. Taking Argentine, for example, which is among the foremost of the Latin-American nations, we notice that her political system is patterned on the American Constitution. The federal idea is taken from the American federal system. The educational system is wholly American. The monetary system is modeled on the American dollar. Commerce is carried on along American lines, and 70 per cent. of the trade goes to the United States. The influence of the United States has been altogether beneficial. It has successfully merged with our superior French culture. Tho we speak Spanish, France and the United States are our inspirations. Argentine will never subordinate its convenience to international considerations. A country unable to stand alone is bound to disappear. All natural laws prove it."

These frank avowals of Lugones are said to have caused quite a stir in Spain, and we find the *Sol* saying editorially and rather pessimistically:

"The confession of the effect of foreign influences in the formation of his own country must be painful to Lugones. But it is odd to see him concede greater importance to material considerations, such as trade and political institutions, than to the language and traditions transmitted by Spain through three centuries of domination. If his arguments are true, they mean

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that the task before us of regaining lost ground is far more arduous than we thought it would be."

Certain original views are exprest by Manuel Ugarte, who has been mentioned above, in his new volume entitled "La Patria Grande." While Ugarte is noted by some as not having been always friendly in his criticism of the United States, they tell us also, that certain of his declarations about Latin-American affairs have been still more drastic. In his new book he says at one point:

"For twenty years I have fought in advocacy of a rapprochement of the Latin-American nations. Some say I hate the United States. I deny this. I have set forth the main lines of a vast conflict which has the continent as its field. . . . I admire the greatness of the United States. I admire its progress. I have lived there too long not to recognize and acknowledge its energy and activity. My words are only a warning, and their purpose is to point out the way."

From "Argentines of Today"

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

An Argentine who declares that, "left to themselves, the Latin-American countries would be still as they were before the first Pan-American Conference, more than thirty-five years ago."

Ugarte then throws a new light on the whole question, by reminding the Latin-American countries that their hour has struck, because the future will belong to those lands that can supply the commercial needs of the world. To support his contention that the day has come for Latin America, he cites statistics, showing that it is due to become the granary of Europe, and he predicts that government control of production and exports will come soon. Moreover, he argues:

"Oil and iron are to-day the two materials sought by the great world Powers. But in the course of a few years when the war spirit has entirely disappeared, they will see that the supreme problem is how to feed the people. Then will be South America's time, because no other continent has vaster unexploited resources. We must learn how to use common sense, and know how to fix the prices on what other nations will need for their existence."

Of the oil supply in Latin-American lands, which he considers of high importance, he remarks:

"Only four countries, namely, Mexico, Peru, Venezuela and Argentine have succeeded in producing oil in industrial quantities. Yet it exists practically everywhere. As matters stand to-day, small benefit accrues to the countries having oil, because the oil issue resolves itself into a contest between British and American interests. Great blunders have undoubtedly been committed in so far as oil grants are concerned. But vast untapped regions are still available, with immense reservoirs of oil that stand ready to insure Latin America's position as a world Power in future conflicts."

As is customary with some Latin-American writers, Ugarte occasionally expresses his dislike for what they call "Monroeism," when he says:

"The Monroe Doctrine is of such importance to the United States that statesmen and publicists there are constantly mentioning it, and constantly giving it new interpretations. The famous pronouncement is also of the utmost importance to us. It may have appeared at first as an adequate protection against a return to colonialism, but it has of late contracted the very characteristics of the evil it tried to prevent. Considering its practical application and results, it is impossible not to see in it an instrument of economic and political domination with fatal consequences for the future of the Spanish-speaking countries.

"The whole world would gape at the issuance of such a doctrine in Asia by Japan, or in Europe by England. Why should we not stare at the pretension of the United States to become the director of everything on the American continent, in spite of the abyss of race, language, religion, and custom which separate it from the Latin-Americans?"

HIGH COST OF JAPAN'S "STAFF OF LIFE"

A MORE ACUTE EMERGENCY must show itself, we are told by some Japanese writers, before the Government of Japan will dump on the market the large quantity of rice it holds, to bring down the soaring price of the commodity which is to Japan and China what bread is to the western nations. But that the Government is not dozing over the situation appears from the report of the Tokyo *Japan Advertiser*, that officials of the Department of Agriculture are conferring daily to discuss the situation. A survey to discover the causes of the high rice prices, which was instituted by the Department, shows, we are informed, that the principal cause is the hoarding of rice by large landowners in the provinces. Nevertheless, it is related, the Government authorities are criticized for their alleged failure to intervene when prices first began to go up, for then, it is asserted, "prompt action might have prevented the present near crisis." The hard times Japan is experiencing, says Dr. S. Washio, in the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific*, has resulted in a general forcing down of the prices of all merchandise, except agricultural products, and especially rice. An astonishing fact in the problem is that this year's weather has so far not been bad for the rice crop, and this informant avers that there is nothing to be unusually worried about for the coming harvest season. Yet the price of rice "goes up hysterically," and he continues:

"The phenomenon is more or less common at this time of year. The cruel strain of it is felt this year particularly because of the prevailing hard times. What a strain it is for the general public can be guessed from the simple fact that merchants are not selling rice on credit. That means that a majority of people are buying it by the 'sho' and 'go,' and many go often without it.

"In the soaring price of rice in these hard times we see the economic situation of this country stript bare to its essence. That is to say, the country is dangerously near the starvation line. Awakening from the delusion of the precarious urban industry, which has always been essentially untenable, we are now squarely facing facts."

Dr. Washio goes on to relate that a report of the Department of Agriculture shows that Japan is now annually importing from four to five million koku of rice. [A koku equals 4.96 bushels.] At the present rate, he estimates, that the amount of rice to be annually imported will soon rise to 10,000,000 koku, worth 300,000,000 yen [the yen equals 50 cents normally]. This Japanese authority repeats a statement he has often made that Japan's urban industry has "never really paid but has been sustained by the sacrifice of her rural economy," and he adds:

"It is a foregone conclusion that our urban business will never be made to pay a 300 million yen deficit for our foodstuff. The solution of this alarming problem can be found, if possible at all, only by turning our attention from the questionable encouragement of urban industry to a more intensive utilization of our rural resources.

"It is a hopeful sign that, despite the hollow voice of industrialization raised by Baron Tankaa, the prevailing hard times are irresistibly forcing our attention in this direction. The necessity of redirecting the increasing population from the city to the country and the problem of home colonization are now generally talked about as the only dependable economic policy.

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"Viscount Kato, speaking at a general meeting of the Kenseikai at Osaka, touched on the problem of home colonization as a means for disposing of our growing population. Mr. Egi, Cabinet Secretary, expounding the Viscount's brief statement, said that the congestion of our population in the cities had largely been psychological."

The temptation of the city, we are told, which has been sustained by fictitious prosperity, has been particularly great in the past few years. This habit is now confirmed, it is said, and so it will take a longer period for the opposite tendency to set in. If hard times continue long enough, it is predicted that home colonization can be expected to become a general movement. As to where the migrant Japanese would go within their own boundaries, it appears that Viscount Kato has particularly in mind the problem of colonizing the Hokkaido, Saghalien and Korea. We read then:

"The Hokkaido has at present a population of 384 persons per square mile. A thousand or 1,500 are easily admissible. Estimating at this rate from four to seven million more people can economically find their place in the Hokkaido alone. This fact has been known ever since modern Japan was born in the Meiji Era, and the Hokkaido has made very slow progress. The energy of the nation has been directed to more adventurous and tempting fields. The colonization of the Hokkaido itself has been made a speculative proposition by interested politicians. It has been made honestly what it ought to be. On the whole, it may be said that the country has not very seriously needed it economically. But this only partially tapped resource becomes now an imperative necessity."

FRANCE AND SPAIN UNITED ON MOROCCO—In the Morocco tangle, one thing is certain, it is said, which is that France and Spain are now united. The Madrid conference has pledged the two countries to make a common peace and to help one another by land and sea. Militarily, this is very important, says the Manchester *Guardian*, because France is now entitled to carry the war into the Spanish zone, and it adds:

"If General Naulin, whose army has been reenforced until it now reaches about 100,000, tries to force the issue before 'General October' takes command with rain and mud, he will have everything in his favor. But does France want to win what must be a bloody victory? Her statesmen have said repeatedly that they do not, provided Abd-el-Krim accepts reasonable terms. They are ready to grant him his independence if he will acknowledge the suzerainty of the Sultan. He, for his part, has not answered their inquiries, but has been freely telling unofficial Europeans that he is anxious to negotiate in Tangier. How far he is sincere and whether his ambitions are hopeless to square with the limit of Franco-Spanish concessions are vital and unknown questions. But it would be a tragic waste if the war is prolonged and extended for want of efficient peace efforts."

The Paris correspondent of *The Guardian* relates that the tide has clearly begun to turn in favor of the French in Morocco, but it is not possible for the great French offensive across the frontier into the Riff, "upon which all hopes are set," to take place before September. Meanwhile, he points out that little doubt is felt of the authenticity of the London report from Tangier that Abd-el-Krim makes the recognition of the absolute independence of the area under his control a condition of any negotiations. We read then:

"The result would be to invalidate the treaty with the Sultan that conferred the Protectorate of Morocco on France, and consequently the Franco-Spanish Treaty conferring the Northern Protectorate on Spain. Juridically the Moroccan question would be put into the melting-pot again. From an international and particularly from a British naval point of view the creation of a new Moslem State utterly incapable of standing alone at the gates of the Mediterranean would constitute an extreme embarrassment.

"Finally, there is the question, probably the most interesting of all personally to Abd-el-Krim, of the right to grant mining concessions to capitalists who are eagerly awaiting a chance to exploit the rich mineral deposits of the Riff—iron, copper, lead, and zinc. Long before the war there were already all the elements of a scramble among international capitalists for the exploitation of these deposits."

A BRITISH VIEW OF OUR "LAND OF LIBERTY"

"AMERICANS TALK AND SING OF LIBERTY, but Englishmen have it," according to a famous British jibe, but now we find a London weekly quoting an American delegate at a conference in London as saying: "We inherited our liberties from you, and we are now discovering that in order to enjoy them, we must come to England." This discovery is being made afresh every year by tens of thousands of American overseas tourists, remarks a contributor to the

DUTCH SARCASM

"Uncle Sam ponders the problem of the Missing Link."

—*De Groene Amsterdammer.*

London *New Statesman*, who adds that they are astonished to find in Europe, despite those queer institutions, which seem to the good American mere "junk," a thing called social freedom. This wonderful and valuable thing, according to this informant, has been "hitherto unknown to them as citizens of the greatest of republics," and something must be wrong, they reflect, with God's country, and return thither, not seldom troubled in mind. According to this writer, not a few of the younger among them ask one another, as well they may, whether such "a terrifying episode as the summer farce of Dayton, Tennessee," does not imply that transatlantic liberty, so called, is different altogether from the freedom for which mankind has striven as the highest social good. We read then:

"There are, of course, no free countries. For some two hundred years, it is true, England has, to visitors from the Continent, seemed enviably free: but we English are aware that our working classes and rural communities have suffered while the bounds of freedom have narrowed down from precedent to precedent. Nevertheless, we may be proud of the fact that since

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the seventeenth century our country has enjoyed the fine distinction of recognizing that, whatever else it means and covers, freedom in its most elementary form implies the right of a minority to existence and expression. In the United States that right has not, at any stage, been acknowledged in any degree comparable with that which Englishmen have insisted upon. American annals are crowded with evidence upon this essential matter. From the later, more scientific, school of American historians we have had a convincing picture of the Revolution—from 1775 to the completion of the Constitution in 1789. Its most distressing feature is the story of the Loyalists who found themselves unable to accept the breach with England. They were subjected to the boycott; their property was confiscated; thousands of them trekked, penniless, across the border into Canada. The United States has been from the beginning the land of the merciless majority. When Harriet Martineau was there, in 1834, the Abolitionists were a persecuted sect. Twenty years later the apologists of negro slavery were, in their turn, the detested minority. In the treatment of the defeated Southern States, after 1865, may be found the historic justification, in the popular American mind, for the treatment of Germany by the Allies. To any one who was in America in 1917 there was a startling significance in the movement of the mass: the sudden change from America neutral to America belligerent; in the swiftness and completeness with which the drilled majority suppressed all discussion, declared a moratorium upon thought, and fell into line for the saving of food, the raising of loans and relief funds, the singing of songs, the chanting of slogans. The world was shown that when it came to the organization of the multitude for a national purpose, imperialist Prussia was, in the quaint American phrase, 'not a circumstance,' when put beside a great standardized democracy."

SWEDISH SATIRE

"In view of the revelations at Dayton, it is reported that a Congress of Apes has unanimously adopted a resolution protesting against the Darwinian libel which associates them with human beings."

—*Sondagsnisse-Strix* (Stockholm).

All readers of Alexis de Tocqueville, this writer goes on to say, recall the chapters in which that great social analyst describes "the tyranny of the mass" in the then juvenile United States. It is a striking fact, we are told, that when de Tocqueville wrote, the main social characteristics of the America we know were already apparent. He noted the enormous weight of the common opinion and sentiment, it is alleged, and the multiple pressure upon the individual citizen, creating an extreme desire to conform and a corresponding fear of losing the esteem of a community in which privacy was almost impossible, and in which the principle of equality was to a large extent embodied. So it was a century ago, observes this contributor to *The New Statesman*, and so it remains now that the application of mechanism to society has brought the greater portion of America's three million square miles under the dominion of a common standard in food and drink, in dress and manners, in methods of work and types of amusement. It is then pointed out that:

"Now, to English criticisms of his standardized civilization the American can, and naturally does, offer several lines of defense. His strongest point is this: In the view of the laboring majority it can not be a bad thing, it must be a good thing, that the United States has been able to accomplish so much in the way of a common standard in such necessaries as clothes, meals, dentistry, and public health—to say nothing of the Ford car. And this we must concede. The higher level of material well-being in America is a fact; and it has been made possible by mass production, which is standardization. The point, however, that is apt to come second in the American defense is not valid. He informs us that when he comes to London he is obliged to wear regulation dress at Buckingham Palace and in the enclosure at Ascot. Doubtless; but the difference, of course, is that the rigors of fashion in England are endured only by a relatively small set, and that tho conventions rule in the group, there exists still a wide variety in the whole—altho, undeniably, the rapid spread of the standardization which began in America is tending to the submergence of variety in every country of Western Europe.

"We are here concerned, however, not with the external equalities of America, which are too obvious for debate, but with the phenomena of fear, intolerance, and servitude which accompany them. Why is it that the greatest of political democracies, the republic which sings more loudly of liberty than any country in the world, is lamenting through the mouths of so many of its citizens the fact that it has not grasped the elementary idea of social freedom? How is it that contemporary America affords so staggering an example of communal ignorance and social tyranny, combined with a mania for framing laws which either provoke derision or are partially enforced under conditions of patent corruption and oppression?"

As indicative of the lines upon which an explanation might run, this observer reminds us that American historians and sociologists have laid emphasis upon the important part which the Frontier has played in the development of their nation. America was made by settlers, it is recalled, and the colonists were, of necessity, conscious at all times of imminent peril. A pioneer community lives upon the frontier, it is noted, and in such communities the radical, the dissenter, is looked upon as a traitor, and "too great a danger to be tolerated." We read then:

"The law of the expanding frontier tends to be the law of the jungle. The disturber from within is as great an enemy as the horse-thief; and the officers of the law being feeble, their work is apt to be undertaken by the Vigilantes, by the knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and other horrible agents of Judge Lynch.

"But, it may be objected, all this is doubtless relevant to much that exists in American life; but it does not seem to go far toward explaining Tennessee, the campaign against knowledge, the laws against tobacco, the rules about bathing in stockings, the enormous tyranny of the Anti-Saloon League, the servitude of the teaching profession and the clergy and William Jennings Bryan. As a matter of fact, it does to a considerable extent help to make these astounding phenomena comprehensible to the European observer. Tennessee and the other Southern States which are attempting to forbid the teaching of modern science in public institutions have not yet recovered from the Civil War. In half a century of stagnation the voices of the modern world have not reached their somnolent villages. A century of railway development has left wide regions of the South and Southwest without modern communications. . . .

"America is the land, not of freedom, but of what the Americans call liberty; and the American brand of liberty means, as a Fundamentalist-Prohibitionist said not long ago in New York, the absolute power of the majority. In saying that, he said, as the American vulgar say, 'a mouthful.' Nor is it easy to overturn his position, in view of this central American doctrine."

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SCIENCE · AND · INVENTION

WHY ARE WE KEEN ABOUT MARS?

"WHY SHOULD MARS ATTRACT so much interest as it does?" asks Dr. Robert G. Aitken, associate director of the Lick Observatory, in a recent leaflet issued by the Astronomical Society of the Pacific (San Francisco). It is by no means the largest of the planets; on the contrary, it is next to the smallest. It has only two tiny moons, as compared with the nine each that revolve about Jupiter and Saturn. It is not even the planet that is nearest the earth, for at its least distance it is 35,000,000 miles away, whereas Venus comes within 26,000,000 miles of us every other year. Dr. Aitken goes on:

"So far as astronomers are concerned many answers could be given, but in my opinion the chief, if not the only, reason for the great popular interest in Mars is that, more than any other planet, it has become associated in our minds with the question of the possibility that life may exist on other worlds than on our little Earth.

"What evidence have astronomers secured on this question, and, in particular, what gain in knowledge has resulted from their study of the planet at the opposition of August, 1924, when it was nearer to the earth than it had been for over a century or than it will be for a century to come?

"Briefly, we know that the Martian day is practically equal to our own; that on Mars the seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter—closely resemble our own, except that they are nearly twice as long because the Martian year equals 22½ of our months. These facts are beyond dispute. Astronomers almost unanimously agree also: that there is an atmosphere on the planet which contains water vapor; that the polar caps, which grow as the Martian winter deepens and shrink as the summer comes on, are frozen water in some form; that a large number of the markings seen on the planet are permanent and, therefore, on the actual surface; but that there are no permanent bodies of water on Mars resembling our oceans or even our great lakes. Here agreement ends. There has been great diversity of opinion as to the extent and character of the atmosphere, as to the temperature and range of temperature, and, above all, as to the nature and interpretation of the surface markings. This difference of opinion is not surprizing, for the image of Mars even in a powerful telescope is hardly larger than the disk of the moon as seen with the naked eye; and the very largest direct photographs that I have seen (before enlargement in the dark room) are much smaller than a silver dime. Further, our own turbulent atmosphere, as well as whatever atmosphere exists on Mars, interferes sadly with all our views of the planet's surface.

"The question of the habitability of Mars turns upon the points in dispute; for the facts on which all are agreed (except the non-existence of oceans and lakes) are all favorable to the view that life may exist there. The recent observations have done something to clear up the situation.

"In the first place, photographic studies at many observatories, and especially at the Lowell Observatory, demonstrate that numerous details of the surface markings—and, in particular, of the large dark areas in the southern hemisphere, which is the one turned toward us whenever Mars is best situated for observation—vary with the Martian season. The color of these dark areas, too, is definitely greenish in the Martian spring and is of a neutral (some say brownish) tint in the Martian autumn. These observations find a reasonable explanation in the hypothesis that the dark areas are covered with vegetation; and if that view is correct, then low forms of animal life are almost certainly present, for on the earth animal life is never absent from areas of extensive vegetation.

"In the second place, at the Lowell and Mount Wilson observatories, very sensitive thermo-electric instruments were used to measure the radiation from Mars and thus determine the temperature at its surface. The problem is an extremely difficult one, because we must distinguish between the radiation simply reflected by the planet, as by a mirror, and the radiation that comes from heat absorbed by the planet and its atmosphere, and must also take into account the absorptive effect of our own atmosphere. Moreover, the measures do not give us the temperature directly; we must make some assumption as to how the planet radiates the heat that may fall upon it.

"It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that the results from the two observatories are not in complete agreement. The significant fact is not that they differ, but that they differ so little. At Mount Wilson it was found that the temperature at the center of the illuminated disk is slightly above freezing, perhaps 40 degrees Fahrenheit; at Flagstaff, that it resembles the temperature of the earth on a clear, cool day, say from 45 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit, or possibly a little higher. The night temperature, the temperature at the poles, and the winter temperature, must naturally be far lower, probably much below the corresponding values on our earth. The significant fact, however, is, as I have said, that both investigations give a maximum temperature definitely above freezing.

"When we recall that the Martian spring and summer are nearly twice as long as our own, and that the seeds of many low forms of vegetable life on earth are adapted to endure extreme cold, this temperature seems moderately favorable to life of such forms, however unfavorable it may be to higher forms.

"Again, photographs of the planet in light of different colors taken at various observatories, and in particular at the Lick Observatory, show significant differences. Photographs on ordinary plates, which are sensitive to short wave-length violet light, show practically no detail except the polar cap; those taken on red-sensitive (long wave-length light) plates, on the contrary, show a large amount of detail. The polar cap is smaller, and the entire image about 5 per cent. smaller, on these plates than on the ordinary violet-sensitive photographic plates. Photographs of San José, taken from Mount Hamilton on a day when a dry haze hid the city almost completely from our view, indicate a possible interpretation of these differences. The ordinary photographic plates give no detail of San José; the red-sensitive plates show the individual houses in the city, and almost the windows in the houses. Obviously, the red rays penetrated the hazy atmosphere; the violet rays did not.

"If the atmosphere of Mars has a similar selective effect upon light of different wave-lengths, then the photographs by red light show the actual surface details, those by violet light only the outer atmosphere. The difference in diameter, then, is due to this atmosphere and indicates that it is of greater extent than had heretofore been accepted. This deduction is not a proved fact, but is a plausible inference based upon the observed differences in the Martian and terrestrial photographs.

"Finally, I think it fair to say that the detailed visual and photographic study of the surface markings at the recent opposition has not changed the opinion of the majority of astronomers that these markings are probably of natural, and not of artificial, origin; they do not indicate the existence of intelligent life on Mars. We must, therefore, conclude that, so far as temperature and the presence of water and atmosphere are concerned: Mars may be a habitable globe and the dark areas may be evidences of vegetation, tho this is not beyond question, but we have no definite evidence whatever to argue for the existence of intelligent life on the planet.

"We have no hope at all of discovering evidence that intelligent life exists on any of the other planets in the solar system. Does that mean that we should regard our earth as the only planet sustaining intelligent life? I think not.

"I think that would be the most egotistical and anthropocentric conclusion we could imagine. Our sun is only one of several thousand million suns in our universe; it is not conspicuous for its size, nor unique in its location (for it is many hundreds of light years from the center of the stellar system) nor distinguishable from thousands of other stars by the quality of its light. Moreover, all of these millions of suns are composed of elements identical with those known here on our earth. Must there not among them be many having planets that are not only capable of sustaining life, but that have intelligent beings dwelling upon them? I think an affirmative answer is the only reasonable conclusion, even tho we may never be able to establish it by direct observation."

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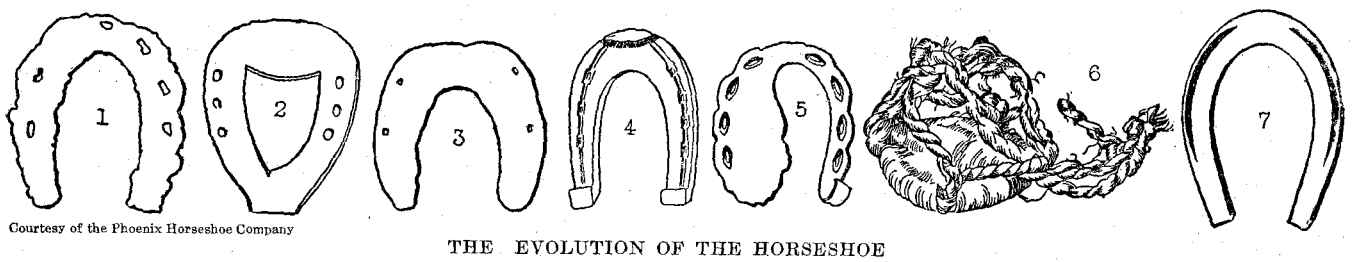

Courtesy of the Phoenix Horseshoe Company

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSESHOE

(1) Probably made by the Celts prior to the Roman invasion of England. Found with Roman coins of the first century. (2) Light-weight iron shoe of the second century found in Moorish farrier's tent after the battle of Isly. (3) Thin iron shoe found in France, with a bronze coin of Faustina, A. D. 175. (4) Age uncertain, but probably the third or fourth century. Remarkable in its resemblance to the modern horseshoe. Notice the toe-calk. (5) Thought to be a pathological shoe made to protect an injured foot. Found in the ruins of a Gallo-Roman habitation in France. (6) A Japanese sandal made of rice straw for horses and bullocks. Made of silk or cotton for horses of the grandees. (7) The modern horseshoe is made in dozens of standard sizes and in weights ranging from five ounces for racing to as heavy as two pounds for heavy work.

SHOEING FIVE MILLION HORSES

THE AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE CO. announced last February that the manufacture of horseshoes was to be abandoned at the Shoenberger Works in Pittsburgh. Newspaper paragraphers seized the occasion to mourn the passing of the good old days when Dobbin drew the shay, and to weep metaphorical tears over the grave of the village blacksmith. Now, however, comes Prentice Winchell and assures us in *The Iron Age* (New York) that there are still five million shod horses in the United States. A dozen plants still make horseshoes and horseshoe bars. And if the spreading chestnut tree no longer casts its shade upon the rustic smithy, there are thousands of larger shops each of which can shoe more mares this week than the sinewy arms could compass in a month. He goes on:

"The horseshoe business has been in existence some 2500 years and it is not likely to disappear overnight. The advent of the automobile has affected the horse, naturally. The driving horse is a thing of the past: today our equine population consists chiefly of draft horses, with a few racing thoroughbreds, hunters and polo ponies. But the draft horse has ever been the mainstay of the horseshoe maker, and stout Clydesdales and powerful Percherons still carry a fair share of the white man's burden.

"Most of the losses suffered by the equine ranks in the retreat from the motor have taken place in the larger towns and cities. It is estimated that the number of horses and mules, used for other than farm purposes, declined from about 3,000,000 in1910 to approximately 2,000,000 in 1920. There has probably been a slight decrease since that time, but it has not been so rapid as during the war, when feed was high, labor scarce and the motor-truck new.

"The horse has held his own very well on the farm against the invasion of tractor and touring car. There are to-day some 17,000,000 mules and horses engaged in agricultural work. No great proportion of these are shod, however. On the typical Iowa or Illinois farm, for example, not more than one pair out of every four pair of horses is likely to be shod—and then for a few months in winter. More shoeing is done in the northeastern States on account of the rocky ground, but the bulk of the horseshoe business comes from the draft and general purpose horses plus about 500,000 saddle horses, which require careful shoeing.

"Practically all of the horseshoes used in this country are machine-made. In Europe the local blacksmith still forges most of the shoes from bar iron, although American machine-made shoes are being exported in larger quantities each year. The farrier has lost most of his importance, even on the Continent, for to-day he forms but an insignificant portion of the iron industry. With the invention of a machine capable of turning out shoes by the thousand, his prestige began to wane. Individual skill in the design of shoes was discounted.

"The manufacture of shoes by machinery in the United States dates from about 1861. There were companies which made horseshoes in quantity long before this—the original plant of the Phoenix Horse Shoe Co. was built in Hartford, Conn., in 1800. But until the Burden Iron Co. of Troy, New York, procured letters patent on a machine for the manufacture of horseshoes and contracted in 1861 to supply the Federal Government with large quantities during the Civil War, there had been no actual machine production. Production by machine was started in England about the same time, but acceptance of the new shoes did not come so fast on the other side of the Atlantic. As late as 1873 William Douglas wrote that, 'A strong objection exists among farriers to put on machine-made shoes, but at the same time I feel confident that these shoes must ere long come into general use.' By this time there were half a dozen plants making horseshoes in the United States and blacksmiths accepted the new idea very readily.

"It was still necessary for the blacksmith to know his trade thoroughly, for the preparation of the hoof, the treatment of peculiarities in the horse's foot and the need for good judgment as to the particular type or weight of shoe required left plenty of room for the exercise of individual skill. These workers in iron generally did all sorts of odd jobs, such as making and repairing wagon tires and repairing machinery and consequently were, even with machine-made shoes, persons of considerable importance in the community.

"Then came the automobile. Little by little, roadsters and touring cars drove driving horses from the high roads and struggled for supremacy in the field of heavy transportation. The old custom shoeing shops here and there put up new signs bearing the words 'Service Station' or 'Automobile Repairs.' Others, unable to find enough business, went the way of all flesh.

"Some idea of the change which has been wrought in this regard may be gathered from the fact that fifteen years ago there were some 232,000 blacksmiths plying their trade in the United States: five years ago the number had dwindled to 195,000 and today there are probably not more than 175,000. But the decline seems to have stopped. Probably the figure will be much the same ten years from to-day.

"The new type of blacksmith shop handles considerable automobile business in addition to its regular line of work. In the large cities many companies which employ thirty horses or more (such as those engaged in contracting, baking, milk distribution, express service and the like) have their own shops. In the rural districts the old order is with us yet. There the blacksmith does manage to make a living at his trade of farrier, though he may take on a little repair work to help out.

"Machine-made shoes were for some time manufactured only from wrought iron, muck bars being the raw material. But since the steel horseshoe was developed some years ago, it has increased rapidly in favor until to-day about 60 per cent. of all shoes sold in this country are steel and 40 per cent. iron. Number 1 railroad wrought scrap is the material ordinarily selected for first-grade horseshoes. The use of steel shoes has grown more rapidly in the South than in the North. They can not be broken so easily in the fitting as the iron shoes, and since many of the mechanics in the South are negroes with little skill in metal working, they are greatly favored there. The Northern smiths still prefer the iron shoes in many cases."

In the search for suitable material, Mr. Winchell tells us, the farrier has had recourse at various periods to such different materials as leather, horn, vulcanite, papier-mache, rope, rubber, bronze and straw. But iron and steel still hold supremacy, though some of the other materials, notably rubber and rope, are used occasionally with iron or steel in the construction of special shoes for wet or icy pavements. He goes on:

"The advantages of machine-made shoes are uniformity of weight and material, while the only possible disadvantage lies in rigidity of design, which—considering the dozens of designs available—does not constitute much of a disadvantage. Styles in footwear for four-footed beasts have not changed rapidly. Aside from the introduction of the adjustable calks and the

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use of rubber and leather pads, which began about 1901, hoof-ware is much the same as it was fifty years ago.

"Nor have there been any fundamental changes in manufacturing methods, with the possible exception of the development of some new dieing processes. In view of the fact that demand can hardly be expected to increase from now on, it does not seem likely that improvements in manufacturing methods would be worth while, so long as they would involve scrapping of equipment thoroughly adequate for the time being.

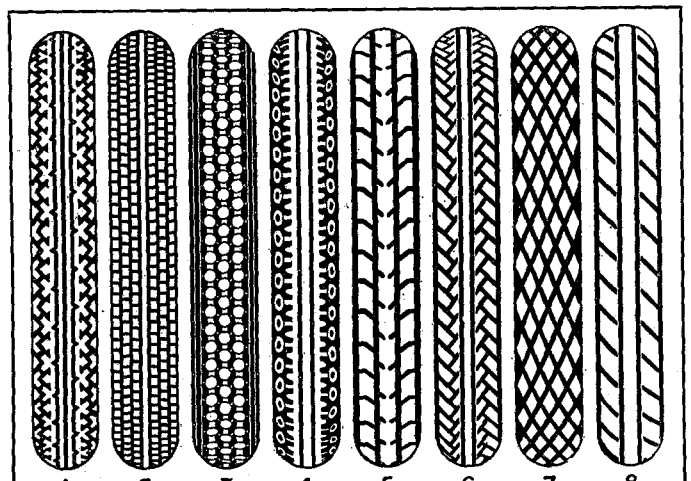
"The prospectus issued prior to the formation of a horseshoe company in the eighties states that: 'It appears by the census of 1860 that the daily consumption of horseshoe iron for this purpose is 397 tons, 354 tons of which were hand-made and 43 tons machine-made.'

"Assuming that this census was based on a 300-day working year, the consumption at that time must have been in the neighborhood of 120,000 tons a year.

"The census lists the value of horseshoes produced in that year at about $100,000—thirty years later it had reached $1,000,000. By 1910, rolling mills and individual plants manufacturing horseshoes were turning out some 2,000,000 100-pound kegs a year. Just before the war the industry's product was valued at nearly $9,000,000. Great quantities of shoes were shipped overseas during the conflict and by the close of the war the total output had climbed to a $12,000,000 annual valuation. By 1921 the output had dropt materially, however, and the valuation declined to about $8,000,000.

"For the last five years production has shown no great change one way or the other. It is variously estimated that total output now runs from 1,350,000 to 1,500,000-pound kegs. It requires approximately a ton of iron or steel to make 1600 pounds of finished product, so that the current consumption of iron or steel for this purpose is close to 100,000 tons a year.

"The product of the dozen companies now engaged in the manufacture of shoes is marketed through the heavy hardware jobbers, who in turn sell to the blacksmiths. While the sale of shoes dropt off materially in the 1910-1920 period (about one-third), it has remained fairly steady since that time. The horseshoe industry is apparently settling down to a long period of stabilized demand. Unless there is a sudden and unexpected shortage of gasoline, or a nation-wide epidemic of horseshoe pitching, there seems to be no material change in prospect for several years to come."



EIGHT WELL-KNOWN TIRE TREADS

The Patent Office holds that the public recognizes the make of an automobile tire by the tread design. How many of these tires can you name?

IS A TIRE-DESIGN A TRADE-MARK?—Heretofore automobile tire manufacturers have been protecting the designs of their tire treads by design patents, says *The Scientific American* (New York). Now, Assistant Commissioner Fenning holds in the application of the Fisk Rubber Company that they may register the design as a trade-mark. We read:

"'William C. Potter, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the acting director of the Bureau of Aircraft Production of the War Department of the United States of America, the applicant named in the foregoing statement; that he believes the foregoing statement is true; that he believes said corporation is the owner of the trade-mark sought to be registered; that no other person, firm, corporation, or association, to the best of his knowledge and belief, has the right to use said trade-mark in the United States, either in the identical form or in any such near resemblance thereto as might be calculated to deceive; that said trade-mark is used by said corporation in commerce among the several States of the United States and between the United States and foreign nations; that the description and drawing presented truly represent the trade-mark sought to be registered; and that the specimens show the trade-mark as actually used upon the goods.'

"'Applicant points out the common practise among dealers and the public generally to recognize and distinguish tires of various makers by the form of the tread applied to the non-skid tire,' he says. 'It seems clear that the particular form given to such a tread does, in the mind of the public, indicate source or origin. When the particular shape is not made the subject of patent, so that it is dedicated to the public at the end of the patent period, I am unable to find any logical reason why the form of the tread itself should not be considered a trade-mark by this office, especially in view of the fact that it is commonly so considered in the trade and by the public.'

"The practical advantage of the decision is this: a design patent runs for not more than fourteen years, at the end of which time the design becomes public property; a trade-mark runs for twenty years and may be renewed again and again, giving perpetual prima-facie protection."

ARE OUR BODIES IMMORTAL?

THAT DEATH IS NOT A NATURAL EVENT, but in its essence abnormal and accidental, and that bodily persistence through indefinite time is a characteristic of all living cells, is maintained by an eminent French biologist in a recent work reviewed by Lucien Chassaigne in *Le Journal* (Paris). The indefinite renewal of primitive animal life by division has often been cited by biologists, but until recently it has been believed that this could not be maintained forever. The work of two investigators in Russia, continued for thirteen successive years, during which five thousand generations of one of these creatures were recorded, makes it probable that this opinion is an error and that living matter in itself is not subject to natural death. Writes Mr. Chassaigne.

"Under the title, 'Immortality and Rejuvenation in Modern Biology,' Dr. Metalnikov, of the Pasteur Institute, has just published a volume that should be read by those who have deliberately decided to grow old and die. Here is the first sentence of the concluding chapter:

"'What we have just written forces us to maintain our conviction that immortality is the fundamental property of living organisms.' And further on, 'Old age and death are not a stage of earthly existence.'

"This, I repeat, is set forth under the egis of a scientific establishment that has no equal in the world and of a scientist whose opinion is universally respected. What shall we say of it?

"Most religions and philosophic systems assert the immortality of the soul. The positive sciences have been somewhat skeptical. The idea seems to them contradictory to all that we know, or think we know, of animal life. Animals originate as a tiny germ which becomes an embryo developing into an adult organism that grows old and finally dies. This means the disappearance of all the faculties of life that so clearly distinguish it from an inanimate object Now there is no scientific evidence to show that at this moment the 'soul' does not disappear with the body, and that it continues its existence separately. Biologists can not even conceive the separation of soul and body, so strong and indissoluble are the bonds that unite all our psychic manifestations with our bodily life. An immortal soul for them would have to mean an immortal body. But what if it were even so? What if our bodies were really indestructible? This is what Dr. Metalnikov sets out to prove scientifically.

"Death is a permanent and tangible phenomenon only in the case of man and the higher animals. It is not so for plants and for the simple animals or protozoans. These last, composed often of a single cell, just observable under the microscope, are nevertheless without the chief faculties that characterize the higher animals. They move about by means of their vibratory cilia, seek their food, hunt creatures smaller than they, react to irritation of various kinds, and multiply. But this multiplication

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is not effected by means of special organs as in the higher animals, but by the division of the whole organism into two equal parts. The common infusoria that abound in fresh water thus divide once or twice every twenty-four hours. Each daughter cell continues to live like the mother cell of which it is the issue; it feeds, grows, and divides in its turn. And never, in this constantly renewed cycle of their life, do we meet with the phenomenon of natural death, so characteristic and so universal in the higher animals. The infusorium is subject only to accidental death, such as we may cause by the addition to the water where it lives, of some poisonous element, or by heat.

"Experiments on this matter are of early date. The first were by De Saussure in 1679. Having placed an infusorium in a drop of water, he saw it split up before his eyes. Four days later it was impossible to count the number of creatures. Some authors thought that this reproductive facility was not unlimited. Maupas, who forty years since made a minute study of it and succeeded in observing 700 successive generations of a single species, thought that it was finally subject to old age and death.

"But the more recent work of Joukovsky at Heidelberg, of Koulaghin at Petrograd, of Calkins in England, of Weissmann, and of others, leads to the contrary opinion. The degeneration observed by these workers was due to autointoxication caused by not renewing the culture-medium.

"Decisive experiments were made in Russia in 1907 by Woodruff and by Metalnikov himself. Begun at Tsarkoi-Selo, they continued until the tragic days of the 1917 revolution and were renewed at the University of the Crimea. These investigators took an infusorium found in an aquarium, whose characteristics are well determined, and in thirteen years, in 1920, had obtained 5,000 successive generations. They consequently had come to study minutely the conditions of reproduction and nutrition. They were able to determine the artificial causes that lead to disappearance or enfeeblement and to conclude that they were numerous and often apparently very trivial. Fortunately so, since the reproductive power is so great. A few figures may give some idea of the energy at the disposal of this simple cell in the creation of living matter.

"If we suppose that each infusorium divides only once a day (it really does so oftener), in thirty days it would produce 1,073,741,324 infusoria.

"In two months the number would be so great that it is hard to express it in figures. It will be more convenient to do so by dimensions.

"Supposing that a cubic millimeter contains about 1,000 infusoria, we shall have in forty days a billion cubic millimeters of infusoria or a cubic meter [about a cubic yard] of living matter, in two months we shall have a million cubic meters, and in four months the volume of living matter produced by a microscopic creature would be greater than that of the earth itself.

"According to Woodruff's calculations, an infusorium will produce in seven years about 4,473 generations, so a number of cells exprest by the number 2 raised to the 3,340th power. This would form a protoplasmic mass more than 10,000 times as large as the earth.

"Some thought is necessary to get an idea of the extraordinary creative force possest by a microscopic living cell that assimilates and builds up its protoplasm with such marvelous energy and speed.

"In several hundred years, the necessary conditions of nutrition and reproduction being maintained, a single living cell would in its multiplication fill the whole visible universe, including the sun and the planets.

"We are thus forced to say that a unicellular body possesses within it the power of immortality.

"Now we ourselves are made up only by the juxtaposition of simple cells."

SYNTHETIC LUMBER NEXT?—"In the conversion of a tree into merchantable lumber, it is estimated that about 60 per cent. is wasted. After experimentation, the New York State College of Forestry now announces the discovery of a process for the utilization of this waste," says *Power Plant Engineering* (Chicago):

"The process is one that reduces all slabs, bark, twigs, sawdust, pieces of board and roots, to a cellulose compound which can be made into boards of any shape or size. In addition to the value which arises from the conservation, the product has thus far proven to be immune to decay. A non-rot wood."

THE GERM'S OWN GERM

"SMALL FLEAS HAVE OTHER FLEAS to bite 'em," declares the poet. And in like manner, the germs that produce in us the symptoms of disease may have fatal diseases of their own, produced in turn by smaller parasites. Obviously it is worth our while to cultivate the acquaintance of these enemies of our own foes, and this has been done by their discoverer, a French bacteriologist, and by others. Writing in *L'Echo de Paris* (Paris), Dr. R. de la Vaulx gives interesting particulars of this discovery and its possible results. We read:

"What is the smallest size that a living being may have? It seems that we are far from an answer to this question, and that every day should bring new surprizes. The time is far gone when the ameba was considered as the most simple of living forms, and the bacteria themselves are now dethroned. A considerable obstacle, it is true, seems to limit the field of discovery. The most powerful microscopes do not allow us to distinguish an object less than two ten-thousandths of a millimeter long, and the wave-length of light forbids all hope of going further. We should then have to give up all hope of knowing living beings smaller than these dimensions, if the ingenuity of scientists had not succeeded in avoiding the difficulty. We now not only know of beings smaller than a wave-length of light, but we may study them, cultivate them, count them, and measure them.

"Of all these infinitely small creatures, the most curious and interesting, on account of the services that it may render us, would seem to be the bacteriophage, discovered and studied by D'Herelle, of the Pasteur Institute. The facts that led this eminent bacteriologist to his discovery were these: If we form an emulsion with bouillon of some of the discharges from a patient recovering from bacillary dysentery, for instance, and filter it, we obtain a limpid liquid devoid of visible germs, but if we add several drops of this apparently sterile filtrate to a culture of dysenteric bacilli, we find that in 18 to 24 hours, the culture becomes clear—the bacilli have disappeared; they have been killed, 'bacteriolyzed.' Several drops of this clarified culture bring about, in their turn, the bacteriolysis of a new culture, and the series may thus be indefinitely continued.

"Note that despite the successive dilutions of the initial filtrate, the bacteriolyzing action, instead of weakening, increases strongly at each passage. This proves that we are dealing not with an inert chemical principle, but with something alive, that multiplies and increases in strength progressively.

"By ingenious experiments, M. d'Herelle has shown that the bacteriolyzing action is due to living beings that may be counted, which he has named 'bacteriophages' [bacteria-eaters]. If we spread over a gelatinized culture of bacilli a drop of solution of the bacteriolyzing filtrate, properly diluted, we observe, at the end of a certain time, the formation of sterile spots. Each of these, where the bacilli have been killed, indicates the presence of a colony of bacteriophages; and as we know that every colony originates from a single germ, the number of spots enables us to calculate that of the bacteriophages contained in the filtrate. According to the conditions of culture, this number varies from fifty millions to three billions per cubic centimeter!

"By carrying the dilution sufficiently far, we may obtain a solution such that bacteriolysis takes place only in one culture out of ten. This crucial experiment proves that we are surely dealing with discontinuous elements—with beings—for in the case of a liquid we should have a homogeneous product all of whose drops would produce the same action.

"The bacteriophage is an internal parasite of the bacterium, and can not be cultivated in pure bouillon. The attacked bacillus swells, becomes spherical and finally bursts, freeing the parasites that have developed within it.

"The discovery of the bacteriophage enables us to understand many facts that have hitherto been obscure; we now see that a convalescent carrier of bacteriophages may transmit his cure to others, just as a patient may transmit his disease.

"From the purely biological point of view it is especially interesting to show that such tiny bodies may present all the characteristics of life—assimilation, reproduction, variability. Prausnitz has calculated that the bacteriophage is only about two hundred-thousandths of a millimeter in diameter. Now we know of ultramicrobes smaller still, that of aviary plague passes through collodion filters whose pores, according to the calculations of physicists, measure only two millionths of a millimeter! And when we recall that chemists give the molecules of albumin a diameter six times as large, we ask in wonder, what may be the constitution of such a living being as this!"

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A TELEPHONE FOR THE DEAF

"THE DEAF SET," as a name for a telephone mechanism suggests little to those not associated with the telephone industry, says a writer in *The Bell Telephone Quarterly* (New York). Like "wall set" and "desk set" outstanding developments of an earlier day, it merely hints that elements have been brought together and combined to form an efficient and convenient unit of telephone equipment. But to telephone men and women the name recalls Bell's lifelong devotion to the cause of helping the deaf—his teaching of "visible speech" to the deaf, first in England and then in Boston, and the long endeavor to perfect a "harmonic telegraph," during which his experienced ears detected the electrical significance of a sound that had been accidentally transmitted over a wire. We read:

"The name of 'deaf set' brings to mind the Centennial Exposition in 1876 where Bell's modest telephone exhibit was ignored until the Emperor Dom Pedro saw and recognized Bell, not as the inventor, but as the teacher and friend of the deaf, and in greeting him as such, drew to him and to his invention the attention of scientists whose judgment was an elixir of encouragement to the inventor and his supporters.

"It particularly recalls Bell's winning of the Volta Prize, awarded by the French Government, in 1880 and his use of the $10,000 which accompanied the award in founding the Volta Laboratories, where he and two scientific friends carried to a successful conclusion many important pieces of research work. Bell's own investigations were largely along lines definitely aimed at assisting the deaf and were not financially remunerative.

"The name reminds those who are familiar with Dr. Bell's career of such far-reaching results of his work for the deaf as the American Association for the Promotion of Teaching Speech to the Deaf, which the telephone's inventor helped to organize and to which he gave large sums. It recalls, in short, a life centered around a humanitarian interest in all things that promised to make life happier for those who could not hear.

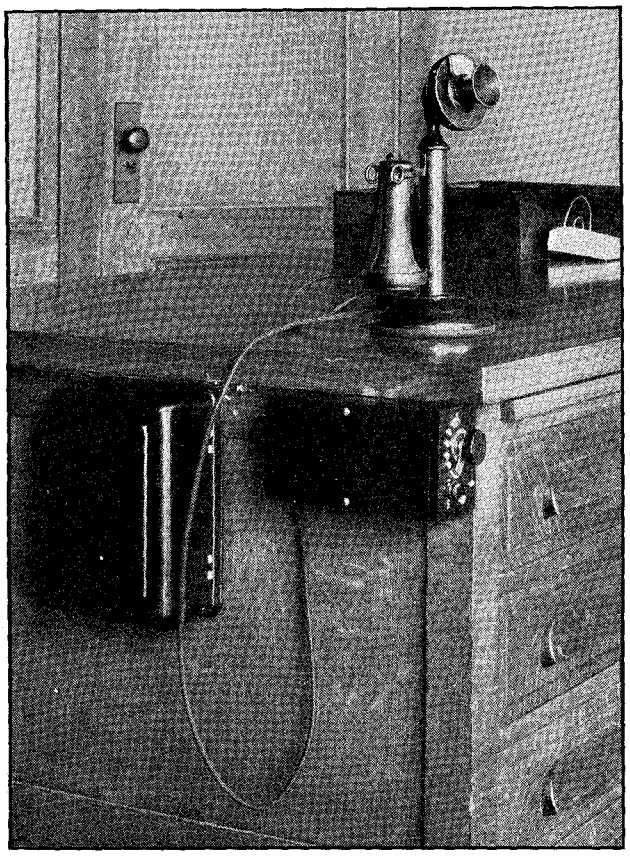
"And so the development of a deaf set capable of being incorporated in the intricate telephone system of to-day, for use by those to whom the regular subscriber's set is almost or entirely useless, seems like the consummation of a search begun half a century ago—rich fruitage of a life full of service to humanity. The result, if scientifically possible, was inevitable in the functioning of the organization that bears Bell's name.

"The deaf set now available for subscribers of impaired hearing employs a principle that has been a vital factor in extending the range of the telephone. Its most important element is a vacuum tube which has the effect of amplifying the current reaching the subscriber's end of the line and thus of increasing the sound produced by the vibration of the receiver diaphragm. In fact, it is a 'telephone repeater,' quite similar in purpose to the repeaters that make possible the range and quality of modern long-distance service. The vacuum-tube which it contains gives a power amplification in reception varying from nothing to a hundredfold in steps under the control of the user.

"Of course, the deaf set, as its name implies, has been designed only for those having impaired hearing. It has little or no value when used by people of normal hearing. Since it amplifies all sounds approximately equally well, the effect of any noise currents in the telephone receiver caused by inductive effects in the telephone lines or by noise in the room is amplified in the same proportion as the effect of the voice currents. Furthermore, the amplified sounds may be so loud as to produce two different effects upon a person of normal hearing. First it may overload the ear to the extent of causing the perception actually to decrease, and secondly, it increases the side tone from the user's transmitter. This might cause him to decrease the intensity with which he is speaking, thus reducing the volume of sound transmitted to the listener at the other end of the circuit.

"The set should accordingly be used only by those for whom it is intended and for whom it will prove beneficial. Of course, the totally deaf will not be aided by it. Indeed a careful test is always made before a deaf set is installed in place of the ordinary telephone station equipment in order to determine whether it will meet the requirements of the prospective user.

"Since the new apparatus was made available, a number of telephone users have tested its usefulness in this way and have had the sets installed in connection with their telephones. They have found that the device has enabled them to overcome in part the handicap of impaired hearing and has made available for them the universal, nation-wide telephone service which millions of their fellows are enjoying."



Courtesy of the Bell Telephone Laboratories

A TELEPHONE "DEAF SET"

One of the latest products resulting from the research effort of the Bell Telephone Laboratories is apparatus—available as yet only to a limited extent—that is designed to make telephone service more effective to those whose hearing is impaired. The larger box shown in the picture contains a vacuum-tube amplifier, and the smaller box has switches for adjusting the volume of the amplified speech and for switching the amplifier in or out of the circuit.

The deaf set is one of many mechanisms that have been the results of the laboratory method of telephone development, the writer goes on to say. It is thus a particularly striking exhibit of the advanced state of the art, because it makes telephone service available to those who otherwise could make no use of it. He goes on:

"Some reference to this laboratory work is needed for a proper appreciation of this new mechanism. It is not enough merely to describe the set as consisting of a vacuum-tube and supplementary apparatus, for vacuum-tubes have become commonplace items in homes equipped with radio receiving-sets, and already are popularly accepted as standardized items of merchandise.

"Altogether apart from the years given to vacuum-tube development, are the investigations into the nature of sound, the properties of speech, and the factors which determine the degree and accuracy of the sense of hearing.

"These investigations have naturally long been fundamental in the interest of improved telephone service, since the purpose of the telephone is the electrical communication of sound. At first the study of sound as applied to speech was the nucleus of these investigations, but with the application of the vacuum-tube to telephony, both by wire and wireless, new vistas of research were opened.

"During the progress of this research, an important device, known as the audiometer, was developed among others. This is a precision instrument capable of measuring the acuity and the quality of hearing. The audiometer is a by-product of telephone development that is certain to become increasingly useful wherever institutional or industrial conditions make accurate hearing tests desirable or necessary."

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A FLIER IN SARGENTS

"A THOUSAND POUNDS A MINUTE" is the description applied to the recent sale in London of Sargent's paintings and sketches. Some may doubt his fitness for immortality, younger critics have been particularly scornful, but there is faith, backed by unlimited wealth, somewhere. His estate, appraised shortly after his death at about $125,000, has now increased beyond the million mark. "Amazement is too feeble a word to describe the attitude of art critics and the newspapers of London at the prices realized." "It is not because there ever has been a tendency to belittle Sargent's work here," says a cable dispatch to the New York *Sun*, "for that is not so, but because, while everybody expected high prices, nobody seems to have thought they would prove so overwhelmingly sensational in view of the fact that many of the works were more or less sketchy, while some of them, it is said, were so slight and unimportant that the great painter himself never contemplated their passing into other hands."

Wide World photographs

OVER SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THIS COPY

This detail from Frans Hals's "Repast of the Officers of St. Jorisdoelen," painted by Sargent, was a sensation of the recent sale. It was acquired for Governor Fuller of Massachusetts.

The notable fact concerning the collection is, in the phrase of Mr. Cortissoz of the New York *Herald Tribune*, that "it is not Sargent the portrait-painter, but Sargent the master of landscape and architectural impressions." Mr. Cortissoz writes the following after viewing the catalog:

"Portraiture appears, it is true. There are about a dozen of the studies he made for the picture of 'Some General Officers of the Great War,' which hang in the National Gallery, studies of generals like Allenby, Robertson, Smuts and Wilson. There appears also the study on which he based that early triumph of his, the 'Madame Gautreau' now in the Metropolitan Museum, and there are similar souvenirs of his friends Carolus Duran, Helleu and Madame Duse. One of the most interesting items in the collection is an evidently fascinating sketch of Claude Monet at work before an easel out-of-doors. Nevertheless these paintings are subsidiary to the water-colors and oils in which Sargent registered the motives arresting him in the course of his travels. Over and over again these record his delight in the visible world, in Alpine mountains, in Italian gardens and buildings, in the scenes he found in France, in Spain and in the Holy Land. He traveled far. There is a study of the Sphinx in the collection, and one of its companions is a water-color drawn on the Maine coast.

"There are nearly fourscore water-colors listed, and then come almost as many paintings. If one may judge from the plates, Sargent kept for his own delectation, in both oils and water-colors, some of his best things. Among the oils, for example, the plate suggests of 'A View in the Simplon Valley,' that it is one of the strongest landscapes he ever produced. The illustrations of some of the architectural water-colors are similarly enkindling. In short, just for the acquisition of truly representative works, this would seem to be a remarkable occasion. Also it has a certain peculiarly personal significance, throwing light on Sargent's character as an artist. The series of studies for the decorations in the Boston Public Library and in the Boston Museum must be very instructive as to his methods in that field of art. It is noticeable, by the way, that among the various copies there are some from the mosaics at Ravenna, a faint clue to at least one of the influences that touched his work as a mural painter.

"The copies have an interest by themselves. He made one after 'The Three Graces,' by Rubens, in the Prado, and four times he tackled Hals. But, as might perhaps have been expected, he was especially lured by Velasquez. An inscription on the back of his copy of one of the dwarfs shows that it was painted in Madrid, 'circa 1882,' which is to say when he was still in his young manhood, feeling his way. No dates are given with the other copies, but the titles are of interest as pointing to a great artist's preferences. 'The Spinners' is conspicuous. The rest are portraits, like the 'Æsop,' the 'Infanta Marguerite,' and the 'Prince Balthasar Carlos.' We are struck by the small scale of these copies. The one made in 1882, to which we have just alluded, is on a canvas nearly six feet high, but the half-dozen others are evidently the smallest notes, less than two feet square. It is a point on which the clever young copyist may well meditate. Clearly what Sargent was after was not a literal copy, but a record of the broad essentials."

Fourteen of the paintings were bought for Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, and among them were seven copies from Velasquez and Frans Hals. One of these, Portrait of Prince Balthasar Carlos, is here mentioned in a cable to the New York *Times*.

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The prices bid in the two days' sale aggregated nearly a million. On the first day £7,350 was bid for "San Vigilio: Boat with Yellow Sails." Then:

"A copy of a Velasquez portrait of Prince Balthazar Carlos, made by Mr. Sargent in his student days, brought 6,000 guineas, about $30,000. This was a record price given in this country for a mere copy, and it was pointed out that only a fortnight ago an original Murillo brought in the same salesroom only 190 guineas.

"Other copies sold as follows: 'Las Hilanderas,' after Velasquez, 1,900 guineas; 'Two Heads of the Repast of the Officers of St. Jorisdoelen in Haarlem,' after Frans Hals, 1,350 guineas.

"These were some of the most finished pictures from Sargent's own brush offered to-day.

"The greater part of the sale consisted of designs, studies and sketches which the painter himself never prepared for the auction room. Of the interesting sketches were those for the Boston Library and Museum, illustrating as they did the painstaking methods by which the painter prepared his masterpieces.

"The design for the Danaës was carried most nearly to completion and fetched the best price, 66 guineas, other prices for design and lunettes for the Library being as follows: 'The Seasons' and 'Heaven and Hell,' 500 guineas each; 'Israel Learning the Law,' 400 guineas.

"Holiday sketches were eagerly bid for, 'A Boy Living on a Beach' bringing 300 guineas, which is more than 2 guineas a square inch. Others sold were: 'A Neapolitan Boy,' 500 guineas; 'Head of a Neapolitan Boy,' 520 guineas.

"A great fight took place over a 'Bedouin Chief,' Mr. Sutro capturing it for 3,400 guineas, and also took a companion picture, another 'Bedouin Chief,' for 1,050 guineas.

"A sketch of a staircase, with light handled in a masterly manner, fell for 420 guineas."

The battle for pictures was not wholly a surprize as the writer of "A Londoner's Diary" in *The Evening Standard* said the day before the sale:

"Interest in to-morrow's Sargent sale is increasing, and if half the confidences that have been whispered in my ear are true, the bidding is likely to be quite sensational.

"It seems pretty certain, at any rate, that several collectors with long purses on both sides of the Atlantic have made selections, and are determined to secure them at any cost. I should not be surprized, therefore, if some of the water-colors make record prices for modern drawings."

These high prices "confirm the estimate that was made of his genius as a painter at the time of his death," says the Pittsburgh *Post*, adding:

"The commercial value of canvases is not an infallible indication of the merit of the artist's work, but offers at least a rough index to his rank in the world of art and is the only test that the majority recognize. Praise from critics means little if the public refuses to buy. . . .

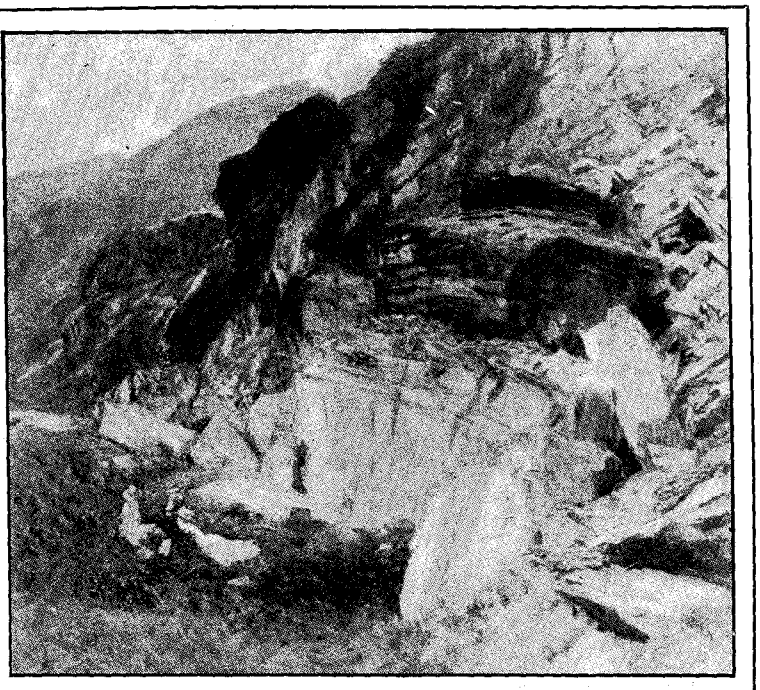
"It is doubted if any other contemporary artist could command higher prices for his work. Sargent stood at the top of his profession. Americans will take pride in the fact that he was their fellow countryman."

"There is no money standard in art," observes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, also imprest by the apparent anomaly:

"The reward of the painter largely depends upon the caprice of the buyer. Often his work is not fully appreciated until long after he is dead. Nor is the painter most popular in his life necessarily the greatest of his generation. Sargent was singularly fortunate in deserving as well as achieving contemporary fame. The high prices which are being obtained at the sale of his works in London add nothing to his genius; but they testify to the general recognition of it.

"Most great artists have had their periods of obscuration. Collectors are not always the soundest critics. Many have been genuine connoisseurs, but many have been mainly guided by the fashion of the time. Sometimes the Italian primitives have been the rage; sometimes the painters of the Cinquecento; sometimes those of the Dutch school; sometimes the English portrait painters. Fictitious values are thus created—or at least values which can not be judged by any known standard. Artistic merit, of course, is another matter. The chances and changes of fashion do not really affect the masters whose works are enshrined in the galleries of Europe and America, tho undue disparagement may now and again fall even to them.

"It is too soon to say that Sargent was the greatest painter of his day, tho he was unquestionably among the greatest. No one will grudge him his success; but there were others of commanding genius who suffered by neglect while they lived and who have not yet come into their own now they are dead. It would be well if buyers were more generous to their contemporaries. Some part of the money so lavishly spent on the old masters might well be diverted to the struggling masters of our own time. The modern painter needs a Lorenzo the Magnificent too."



A VIEW IN THE SIMPLON VALLEY

Sargent introduces two human figures, seen in the lower left-hand space.

If there is any moral behind the sale, the Columbus *Dispatch* insinuates a way to its discovery:

"One is tempted to think, sometimes, that the attainment of present-day fame in art requires the aspirant not merely to be progressive, but to cut his mind and brush utterly free from the supposed excellence of the past and work in ways absolutely new. John Singer Sargent made no such break with the great art traditions handed down from the past, but his failure to do so has evidently not cost him much in the loss of approval on the part of art collectors. . . .

"Does any one believe that the insistently modern and 'emancipated' art so much in evidence of late will ever score so brilliant a success in an auction sale? Of course, popularity and good prices are not final proofs of excellence in art, but there are conditions under which such an event as the Sargent sale may be very significant."

THE COVER—Magazine covers have long been familiar with the work of W. R. Leigh, a specimen of which adorns the outside of our present issue. It represents one of the many colorful subjects that he has found in our own Southwestern territory, where he has made many study trips into Arizona, New Mexico, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, and Colorado. Mr. William Robinson Leigh was born at Plantation, Berkeley County, West Virginia, in 1866, and studied art at the Maryland Institute in Baltimore. From here he went to Munich in Bavaria, studying and living for some time abroad. While in Europe he helped to paint six cycloramas. Since his return to America, besides pursuing his art of painting, including that of portraits, he has taught at the Art Students' League and the School of Industrial Arts, New York.

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A REVOLT AGAINST TEACHERS

A REVOLT "AGAINST the imbecility of pedagogs" is noted in some of our American universities. The person who calls the loudest attention to this outbreak is Mr. H. L. Mencken, who diagnoses the situation as "a growing realization, by the minority of intelligent students, that American universities, and especially the State universities, are becoming too large—that they are already so big that it is impossible to find enough competent professors to man them, and that their huge bulk and immense funds make them tempting fields of service for politicians, both of the usual sort and of the pedagogical sort." Mr. Mencken mentions two institutions, one North and one South, where conditions in the teaching force, tho dissimilar, yet have results in "minority" revolt, and his column in *The World* (New York) calls attention to one aspect of our overcrowded colleges that is not often mentioned when overcrowding is discust. He suggests that the ultimate solution might lie "in some approach to the European university system, whereby students are free to move from one university to another and a professor without ability is quickly punished by empty benches and a fall in his income." Going on:

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AS SARGENT DEPICTS ITALY

A specimen of group portraiture under brilliant skies. The scene is Torre Galli, Florence.

"An American student, under our existing system, is sentenced to a given university as if it were a jail. Transferring from one to another is extremely difficult, and what is best in one is lost to all the others. A student interested keenly in, say, psychology, may find that the psychology professor he is doomed to listen to is an ass. If he would escape that ass he must go through a process comparable to having his appendix out or getting a divorce.

"On the Continent it is much easier. There a student seldom finishes at the university at which he began. Say he starts at Leipzig and there develops an interest in medieval history. Presently he discovers that the best professor of medieval history is at Bonn. So at the end of the year he goes to Bonn. The next year, having learned all he wants to know about medieval history, he may go to Munich to study political economy or to Greifswald to study international law. He is free to move as he pleases, so long as he actually devotes himself to study. Time spent in one university counts in any other. He may take his degree anywhere."

Tho Mr. Mencken writes ostensibly about "Europe," his observation does not extend beyond Germany; so that when he says, "This system, of course, is based upon the supposition—in Europe, a fact—that all universities are of the first class," we may still find his American comparisons not so "odious":

"In America, as every one knows, there are scores of so-called universities that are nothing but country high schools. But it is not hard to detect them; they could be easily excluded from the chain. The medical schools, indeed, have already shown the way, and the law schools and schools of journalism are following.

"What is to prevent setting up a category of Class A universities and making membership in one membership in all?

"The advantage of the system would be that it would deliver the student of unusual intelligence from his present bondage to incompetence. In the average American university, I daresay, the majority of professors are not incompetent; on the contrary, they are probably learned and diligent men. But a student sent to, say, Michigan or Yale, may discover after he gets there that the subject he is particularly interested in is taught relatively badly—that a far more able professor of it practises at Harvard or Illinois.

"A year under that abler professor would perhaps be enough for him; his enthusiasm for the higher learning would be vastly augmented; he would feel that he had actually learned something. As things stand he is tied, to all intents and purposes, to a system that can only have the effect of knocking his enthusiasm out of him. Education is not an adventure to him, it is a chore.

"There are, of course, difficulties in the way of putting this plan into effect in America. Our universities, even the good ones, differ enormously, and there is a great deal of jealousy between them. Moreover, they deal with students who are younger than Continental students, and their experience with the elective system has made them cautious. Thus the escape from incompetents happily resolves itself into an effort to get rid of them altogether. The intelligent student is at their mercy so long as he remains a student at all. It is excellent news that he has begun to tackle them head-on. He will lose pretty often, but here and there he will make a brilliant and salubrious killing."

CRITICISM IN CHINESE—The Frenchman who recently complained about the un-French treatment of Jeanne D'Arc at the hands of Bernard Shaw, has a fellow sufferer in the person of a Chinese gentleman, F. Tsung Hu, who uses the same methods of comparison in criticizing Mr. Lytton Strachey's play "Son of Heaven." We offer this from the London *Observer* as an interesting bit of English overlaid with what we may perhaps assume to be Chinese idiom:

"DEAR SIR: Humbly I ask the shelter of columns of your flourishing newspaper in order to proclaim my unworthy critics of the performance at Scala last Monday of the 'Son of Heaven' play by Mr. Lytton Strachey. I was very much interested spectator but, as Confucius said, 'to not be willing to enquire is like painting elephant without trunk.' It is great pity eminent writer as Mr. Strachey did not think fit to consider the rules of propriety and enquiry concerning historic persons being so recently known and dead. Western writers can write that kind of plays because merely for the sake of the worthy idea embodiment, but unfortunately I think with utmost difficulty is it possible in that case to find out how in the 'Son of Heaven'

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there is a worthy idea sadly mixed up with inaccurate verisimilitude.

"But it is sad thing to see authentic historic persons recently known not acting truly. Is it clever, I ask, to make concubine of Son of Heaven kill general everybody knows died truly three years subsequently? Also reformer Kang did not behave like Lyceum melodrama villain. Scenery and dresses are very interesting from modern European art view-point, only appear absurd and misleading like musical comedy style. Now, suppose a contemporary Englishman witnessing play by eminent Chinese writer on English modern historic persons like Queen Victoria during Boer War time. What is his feeling if he sees Chinese writer has invented a story something like this kind: President Kruger is in love with English lady-in-waiting and makes to kill General Kitchener. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is melodrama villain and hides behind aspidistras in Buckingham Palace conservatory? He will think unnatural to behold President Kruger and Lord Kitchener would be drest like fancy dress of seventeenth- or eighteenth-century soldiers and ministers with some costume of all periods hired at Mr. Clarkson and the ladies-in-waiting like early Britons. I think contemporary Englishman will laugh very much and could not believe there is uncontradicted beauty in the idea. If you will, please, as I crave, forgive unskilful pun: Mr. Strachey has stracheyd the point perhaps too much.

"Humbly I communicate my accumulated feelings of respect and your virtue increases and is renewed daily.

"Yours very truly,

"F. Tsung Hu."

HAMLET IN MODERN DRESS

LONDON IS PROMISED a performance of "Hamlet" in modern clothes. The novelty of the idea has stimulated a good deal of speculation. But the fact itself is not so novel, for Edwin Booth once did this very thing from necessity. Train service was remiss in bringing on his wardrobe, trunks, and he began the play in street-clothes, and carried it up to the last act before the belated costumes arrived. The power of his acting overcame any sense of incongruity, and the audience received the play with perfect gravity. The intention of Sir Barry Jackson, the London producer, is "to demonstrate that the appeal of 'Hamlet' is universal, that it is free from the limitations of time and space," says *The Saturday Review* (London), which thinks the intention "laudable." Nevertheless—

"The spectacle of a *Hamlet* in an immaculate morning-suit gracefully toying with a skull is one that may possibly excite the more ribald members of the audience to laughter. In any case, Sir Barry Jackson deserves the credit which is due to the pioneer. It only remains for some enterprising theatrical producer to present us with a fat *Hamlet*. Hitherto it has been assumed that *Hamlet*, like *Cassius*, had 'a lean and hungry look,' but there is nothing in the text to warrant such an assumption. Indeed, *Hamlet's* petulant outburst, 'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,' would appear to point in precisely the opposite direction."

The proposal involves of necessity much more than a change of costume. Sir Barry has not revealed his intentions in this respect, and the omission has opened the way of speculation like this in the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

"Naturally the critics assume that in some of the scenes *Hamlet* will be compelled to appear in a boiled shirt. In that event, of course, *Ophelia* would have to wear low neck and short sleeves. *Polonius* might look well in a red sweater, and it is suggested that the *Queen of Denmark* might try the latest creation from Paris. No provision is made for the disconsolate *Ghost*, who will probably have to wander around as usual in a covering of mosquito netting.

"The producer bases his whole idea on the belief that the ordinary person who goes to see *Hamlet* in the traditional costume does not appreciate the play on account of its unreality. 'He does not realize that the characters, strangely garbed and bewigged, are flesh-and-blood people.' Hence the manager conceives the novel idea of popularizing the play for the average citizen. That sounds reasonable, but we fear that the effect will be something dreadful. The unreality is likely to become still more unreal. Imagine *Hamlet* in ordinary street-clothes wishing that 'this too solid flesh would melt.' On an August night this line, uttered with great solemnity, should set the gallery gods into hysterics.

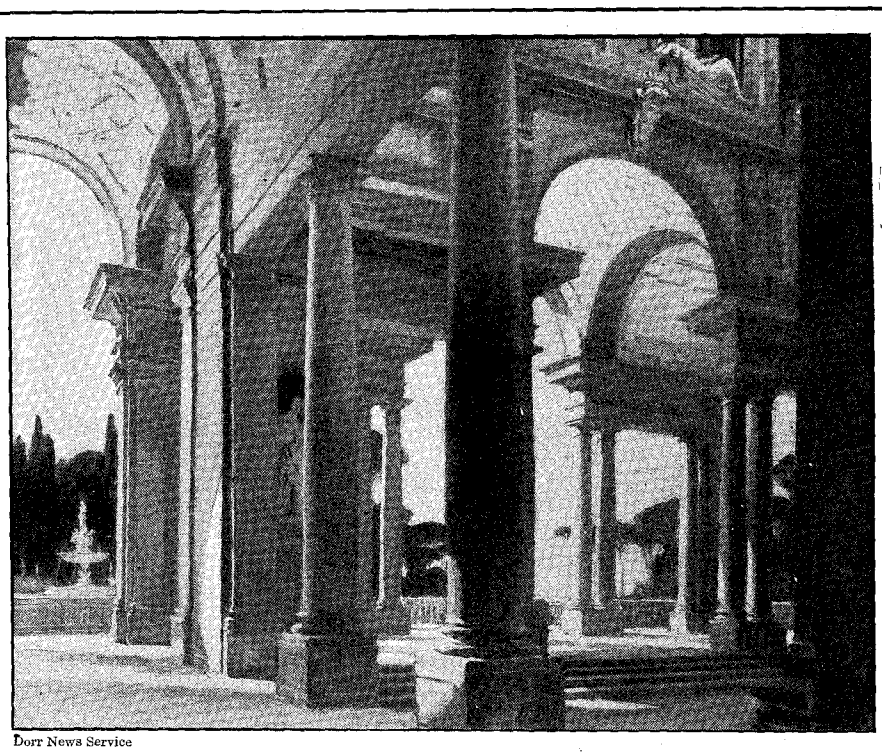
"Then, again, for the sake of argument, consider the graveyard scene, with all of the characters in modern dress. As all of those familiar with Shakespeare will recall, the stage at that time is filled with the dead and dying. To bring it strictly up to date, the first grave-digger would be called upon to go to the nearest telephone and summon the murder squad from the police-station. A sensational effect might be produced by having the patrol wagon rush in for the purpose of carrying the bodies to the morgue. If the thing is to be properly modernized it will have endless possibilities. 'Hamlet,' like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' has been played amid all sorts of surroundings, but we venture to predict that the proposed London experiment will be different from anything that has ever been attempted. We once had a fantastic actor in Philadelphia known as Doctor Landis, who played *Hamlet* with a net to protect himself and his company from hostile eggs, but even this brave artist used the regulation costumes.

"Sir Barry Jackson predicts that his performance will be a dramatic sensation. It should be all of that. Unless all of the signs of the times are wrong, it should be a theatrical riot."

This apparently is not a new stunt of Sir Barry Jackson's, according to a writer in the London *Evening Standard:*

"I saw his modern dress production of 'Cymbeline' at Birmingham, and thought the clothes somewhat affected and distracting, as there had been a labored working out of parallels. Instead of plain clothes, such as they might have worn at an ordinary rehearsal, *Imogen's* half-brothers were drest rather like Boy Scouts, and the British gentlemen in Rome wore khaki.

"But 'Hamlet' should fare much better. What a relief to see a *Hamlet* who does not look like a spider, and an *Ophelia* who is warmly and sensibly clothed instead of trailing about in diaphanous garments such as the climate and early architecture of Scandinavia can never have made probable."



Dorr News Service

ARCHITECTURAL VISTA

A fascinating study by Sargent in Florence, perhaps looking into the Boboli Gardens.

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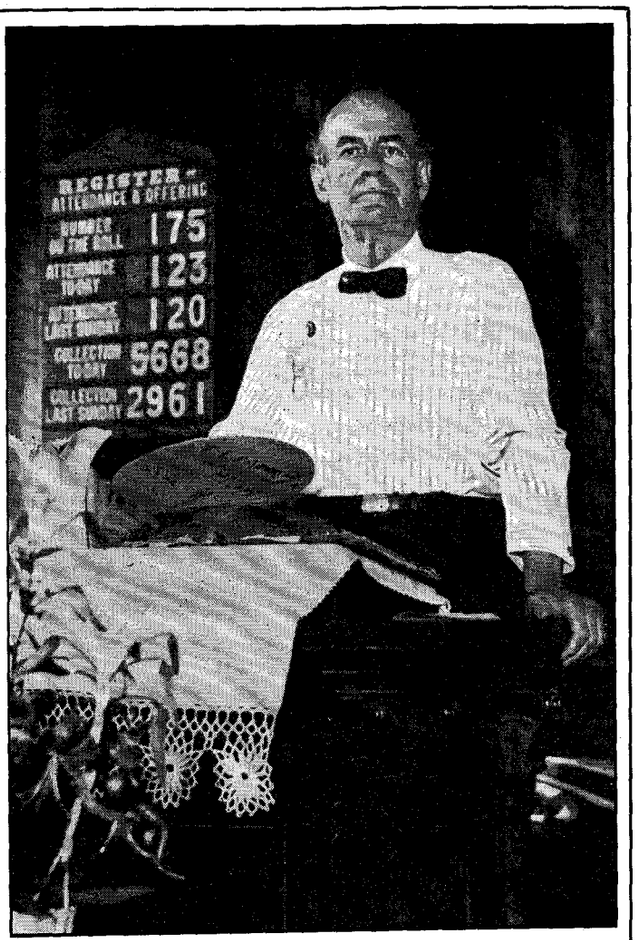
RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

MR. BRYAN'S LAST TESTAMENT

HIS DEATH AT ARMAGEDDON—for such it was to him—with the fruits of victory in his hand, lends such a powerfully dramatic appeal to William Jennings Bryan's posthumous speech as perhaps will make of it a creed of the fundamentalists, a classic in the history of the movement of which the Commoner was the greatest lay champion. Bryan dead may be greater than Bryan living. His valedictory, as it turns out to be, we are told, will be accepted by many as of divine inspiration. "No one should underrate his influence, alive or dead," says the Chicago *Journal*. "He is still campaigning." And even those who differ most violently from Mr. Bryan's views pay tribute to the deep sincerity of the man, to the eloquence of his faith, and if the Birmingham *News* speaks of him in one editorial as the "Mad Mullah of Miami," in a later one it declares that "none doubted for an instant that the Commoner was honest." Thus does death temper the criticism which would have been directed against him had he lived to take his latest cause to the country, as he had planned. Yet it is noteworthy that an examination of scores of editorial utterances on the speech which he had prepared for delivery in the closing argument at the Scopes trial shows not a note of the agnosticism or of the atheism which Mr. Bryan believed was the foul fruit of the evolutionary theory. Evolutionists and fundamentalists, if we may judge by the press, meet on common ground in their belief in God.



P. & A. photograph

"HE IS STILL CAMPAIGNING"

In his last attack on evolution W. J. Bryan wrote that "the mass of mankind will continue to worship their Creator and continue to find comfort in the promise of their Savior that He has gone to prepare a place for them." This photograph of Mr. Bryan was taken of him while he was delivering a sermon at Dayton, during the Scopes trial.

The speech, which would have been delivered at the close of the Scopes trial but for the agreement to rest the case without argument, shows its author's characteristic orthodoxy. Mr. Bryan yielded a tribute to science, especially to its medical branch, for the learning it has gained and the good it has done; but for the evolutionist he had only rebuke. He quoted Professor Bateson, a believer in evolution, as admitting that every effort to trace one species to another had failed. "Christianity," wrote Mr. Bryan, "welcomes truth from whatever source it comes, and is not afraid that any real truth from any source can interfere with the divine truth that comes by inspiration from God Himself"; but "evolution is not truth; it is merely a hypothesis—it is millions of guesses strung together." We read again:

"God may be a matter of indifference to the evolutionists and a life beyond may have no charm for them, but the mass of mankind will continue to worship their Creator and continue to find comfort in the promise of their Savior that He has gone to prepare a place for them. Christ has made of death a narrow starlit strip between the companionship of yesterday and the reunion of to-morrow; evolution strikes out the stars and deepens the gloom that enshrouds the tomb."

The evolutionary hypothesis, carried to its logical conclusion, continues the indictment, "disputes every vital truth of the Bible. Its tendency, natural, if not inevitable, is to lead those who really accept it, first to agnosticism, and then to atheism." In support of which statement Mr. Bryan recalled that Darwin, once a student for the ministry and an orthodox believer, became, as the result of his belief in evolution, "content to remain an agnostic." He quoted, too, from Prof. James J. Leuba's "Belief in God and Immortality" that of a number of scientists questioned more than half doubt or deny the existence of a personal God, and that student statistics show that "young people enter college possest of the beliefs still accepted, more or less perfunctorily, in the average home of the land, and gradually abandon the cardinal Christian beliefs." In conclusion, Mr. Bryan wrote that science is a magnificent material force, "but it is not a teacher of morals." Then,

"If civilization is to be saved from the wreckage threatened by intelligence not consecrated by love, it must be saved by the moral code of the meek and lowly Nazarene. His teachings, and His teachings alone, can solve the problems that vex the heart and perplex the world.

"The world needs a savior more than it ever did, and there is only one name heaven-given among men whereby we must be saved. It is this name that evolution degrades, for, carried to its logical conclusion, it robs Christ of the glory of a virgin birth, of the majesty of His deity and mission, and of the triumph of His resurrection. It also disputes the doctrine of the atonement."

The speech is very generally regarded as Mr. Bryan's supreme effort. Whether we regard his denunciation of the evolutionary hypothesis as a stupendous error or gospel truth, it "represents Bryan at the high peak of his greatness and power," says the Omaha *Morning World-Herald*. "Its appeal is to the deepest

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and holiest of human emotions." But the Omaha paper, holding that religion must win its way by virtue of the truth that is in it rather than by any act of legislation, hopes that those who read Bryan's valedictory in tears will "do yet further reading and learn of the oceans of tears that have been shed in consequence of the rule that defenders of a religious faith may enforce their will through acts of the legislature and the means provided for making such acts effective." "Many, even most, of the detailed arguments in his last great speech can be effectively answered," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. "But there can be no effective derogation of the warm and pulsing human spirit, the generosity, the deep sincerity that flow through and enrich the vibrant whole." To the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* the reasoning of Mr. Bryan's last testament is not precise. There was unbelief before Darwin, and there would be unbelief should the evolutionary theory be disproved. But whether Mr. Bryan was right or wrong, "whether or not he would not change some expressions in the preachment if he could, none can question the sincerity and loftiness of his intent." While it can not go with Mr. Bryan all the way, the Schenectady *Union-Star* believes that excessive strain is being laid on science, that,

"At best, it is but an orderly arrangement of known facts and an attempt to deduce laws from those facts. Science is worked to death. No one appreciates better than the most skilled scientist the limitations of human knowledge. There is a whole realm that can not be weighed or analyzed in test-tubes. Who can dissect mother-love, or weigh patriotism, or explain the behavior of a human soul in a crisis? Excessive materialism possesses us. Reflection on the spiritual is lacking. If the unuttered speech can direct the minds of people away from crass materialism for a time, it will have done much."

While editors thus generally applaud Mr. Bryan's sincerity and devotion to what he conceived to be the truth, few follow him in his argument against the evolutionary hypothesis or champion him in his effort to have the fundamentalist conception enforced by legislation. "Now that the Crusader has laid aside his sword, common sense has a better opportunity for reestablishment in the minds of both evolutionists and fundamentalists," asserts the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. In the opinion of the Des Moines *Register*, Mr. Bryan did not go into the merits of the proposition, and "it may as well be said frankly the Bryan speech was written more to prejudice the case of evolution by legal processes There was nowhere in the speech any evidence of an effort to fairly estimate the discoveries of science, running now over more than seventy years and accepted by the scholarship of the world, the Christian scholarship." As the Hartford *Times* views the speech, Mr. Bryan's selection of incidents to prove the deleterious effect of cold science upon the young and upon man's hope for the future "did small credit to his fairness. After all, there are Lister and Pasteur and the Curies whose radiant spirit of disinterested service ought to compensate for the sadism and morbid egocentricity of Loeb and Leopold, whom Mr. Bryan did not hesitate to mention as products of the scientific spirit." Whatever truth is, and wherever it may be found, it will prevail, remarks the Newark *News*, "Bryan or no Bryan. If it lies in some other theory or belief, it will come clear. Its coming may be swifter, unimpeded by a leadership and a following in essence unenlightened and in action that of a horde waving green flags in a Jehad." Truth must be pursued, declares the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, at whatever cost to cherished illusions, creeds, customs or beliefs.

"Those who are determined to hold what they have, regardless of reason and research, blind to the discoveries of science and its achievements, are free to do it. They ought to be free. So also ought those who pursue truth to be free. As Jefferson said: 'Error is not to be feared so long as truth is free to combat it.' Freedom is the whole point. It is for freedom for the scientist and the pursuer of truth that we plead, against the effort of Mr. Bryan, in life, and of his followers after his death, to stop the pursuit of truth by legal compulsion."

ABOLISHING THE DEATH PENALTY

LET THE ASSASSINS BEGIN IT, once said a Frenchman in commenting on a movement to abolish capital punishment. But the League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, which recently opened offices in New York City and expects to start its campaign in October, believes that capital punishment is a relic of barbarism and should go the way of the rack and the thumbscrew. The League will start by introducing a bill in the New York State Legislature to abolish legal killing, and then will carry the campaign into every State in which the gallows, the electric chair or the gas chamber are implements of the law. Eight States have already abolished capital punishment, according to Miss Vivian Pierce, secretary of the League. These are Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota and North and South Dakota. Forty States and the District of Columbia, she says, continue to execute murderers. Four States—Oregon, Washington, Arizona and Missouri—reestablished capital punishment in 1918, largely because of the war hysteria, says Miss Pierce. As quoted in press reports, Miss Pierce thus sets forth the League's views:

"Thinking people to-day favor abolition. The law always lags behind the best thought of the time. Penologists regard capital punishment as a relic of barbarism. The penalty falls almost invariably on the poor, the ignorant and the helpless.

"Quite aside from the findings of enlightened penologists and scientists, there is enormous popular demand for abolition. Few realize that in the last few years there have been attempts to abolish capital punishment in Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Colorado, Utah, Vermont, Massachusetts, Indiana, Nebraska, Delaware and New Hampshire. These campaigns have been brief and discouraging. Often they were inadequately financed and organized. We believe that with a national organization always on the watch to lend aid, these costly defeats will be unnecessary. It takes enormous effort to convince a State Legislature of the will of constituents. Often, as in the case of Tennessee at present, the Legislature is manned by reactionaries."

But the League is likely to encounter serious opposition. The movement, says the Syracuse *Herald*, is a difficult job, a queer one undertaken at a queer time. Continues *The Herald:*

"In the line of unpropitious undertakings, we must award the palm for unseasonableness to a movement for the conservation of murderers at a stage of American history when and where the blood of an unprecedented number of victims of murderers is crying to heaven for vengeance. Doubtless the good men and women engaged in this most untimely project are ready with the claim that, inasmuch as murderous hands have not been stayed by the fear of the rope or the electric chair, it is desirable, in the interest of public safety, to try the penalty of life imprisonment for a change. But we have confidence enough in the common sense of the majority of the American people to believe that they can never be hypnotized by the plea that if they only consent to substitute a prison sentence for the death penalty, the fiends who plan the killing of their fellow creatures, from one diabolical motive or another, will at once turn over a new leaf.

"What this State needs is a League for the prompter and better execution of existing penalties against murderers and desperadoes of every description. The fault is not in capital punishment, but in the painful multiplicity of failures to enforce it."

The problem is approached from the wrong end, in the opinion of the Buffalo *Express*, which remarks that when individuals cease to punish those who offend or oppose them by killing, there will be no occasion for the State to kill. As *The Express* sees it

"A league to develop saner and more wide-spread abhorrence of capital crimes would do the most effective work to end capital punishment. The trouble with movements which approach the subject from the other direction is that they encourage the disposition to regard capital crimes as trifling matters or even as individual rights when the person decides in his own mind that he has sufficient provocation. There are too many persons now who appear to have no conception of the right of others to live and only realize the horror of death when they find themselves in execution cells."

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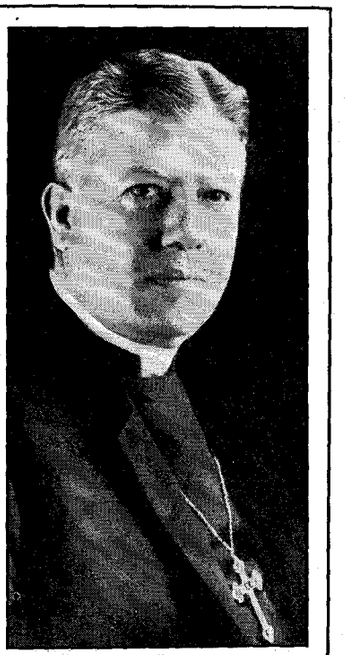
DOWNING THE UPLIFTERS

ONE OF THE WORST PESTS in America to-day is the welfare movement, thinks Bishop Charles Fiske, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New York. It is also "one of the chief sins," he declares, adding, "No one could possibly estimate the harm that has been done to all movements for social betterment by the paid uplifter." According to Bishop Fiske, "he is a general nuisance, and many a good cause has been ruined by his pernicious activity." The "evil of such commercialized service" is "nowhere more serious than in the churches," we are told, and the Bishop remarks that for a time all the churches were "hypnotized into the engagement of social service 'experts,'" who "were hired and fired. Most of them had to 'make their own jobs,' and, in endeavoring to magnify their office, they stuck busy fingers into other people's pies until the patience of the synods and conventions which engaged them was tried to the limit." Writing in *The American Mercury*, Bishop Fiske continues:

"Often they were parlor Socialists or doctrinaires who plunged their ecclesiastical organizations into unauthorized action in legislative halls and committed them to poorly digested programs of social, economic and industrial reform. Ecclesiastical counselors to State legislatures, amateur advisers in industrial relations and youthful critics of the present economic order were so numerous that one could not shake a stick at them collectively, much less hit them with it individually on the head. Among Protestant denominations of the more violent type paid secretaries and reform organizations became a menace as well as a nuisance. Good men have mourned over their activities, and the people who are not naturally pious have been driven from indifference to bitter antagonism. They have engineered political blocs, forced through laws which only a small minority desired, held up legislation by demands for social and industrial reforms which could not be enforced. They have hung like hornets about the heads of legislators until the better type of politician has retired to private life and men of the baser sort have been pushed into the making of laws which they themselves do not obey and in whose real worth they have never had any faith."



Photograph by Keystone View Company

"SICK TO DEATH OF APPEALS"

Bishop Charles Fiske declares that the paid uplifter "is a general nuisance" and that "many a good cause has been ruined by his pernicious activity."

Not content with storming legislatures, the uplifters besiege clergymen, it appears, and Bishop Fiske goes on to say,

"As to my own grave disorder, perhaps the real trouble with me is that I am sick to death of circulars and appeals. Everybody who has a hobby, and is earnestly convinced that the adoption of his special nostrum would instanter issue in the millennium, at once feels moved to write either to the clergy or to the newspapers or to both. Last week the ministerial mail-bag contained eight or ten such calls to service. If all had been heeded, no time would have been left in which to attend to any ordinary duties.

"Worse than the plague of the mail-pouch is the curse of the early-morning telephone call. Even a saint of the placid type depicted in stained-glass windows would lose his temper if he lived in modern days, and during breakfast-time, or before, were called to the telephone morning after morning to take down fifty-word night letters. These urgent messages come from paid secretaries who are sending out a hurry call for an Oriental hospital, or a request for the use of one's name on a petition to purify the movies, or an eleventh-hour summons to attend, and perchance address and pray for a conference of uplifters in a neighboring city. All of them good causes? Certainly. But why prejudice the cause by dragging its victim out of bed or away from the breakfast-table?"

We are told also, "other secretaries specialize in besieging the minister with requests for the observance of new festivals in the Christian Year," as for instance, "Go to church Sunday," which "must have originated in the brain of a paid secretary of the committee in charge of the Backsliders' Union." Again,

"There are also paid uplifters whose business it is to coax the clergy into every variety of preachment. A subject is easily at hand for every Sunday of the fifty-two on the calendar. He is asked to preach on purer plays, cleaner fiction, more innocuous movies. He may specialize as an oratorical advocate of the Red Cross or the Americanization Society. He may be a leader of the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, the Knights of Sir Galahad, the Order of DeMolay, or the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. Sometimes he will believe in babies' welfare societies as the hope of America for the future; sometimes he may tend toward a firm faith in playgrounds for the numerous progeny of the foreign-born. All this, however, will be mild and inoffensive compared with the demands made upon him to give undivided allegiance to a varied program of social reform, with conferences to be held, petitions to be circulated, public officials to be bedeviled, and congregations urged to supply funds to carry on the ambitious projects."

A special cause of anxiety, continues Bishop Fiske, is that the work of social reform has been gaily taken up by faddists who make it such a joke and themselves such a pest that almost every good cause is handicapped and serious people are unable to get a hearing. There is hardly a public man, we are told, who does not discount every appeal made on behalf of better social legislation by attributing the demand to the sentimental fancy of the reformer and seeing in it no real expression of public opinion. And really, asks Bishop Fiske,

"Is there actually any force of public opinion behind many of the proposed reforms? Such a public sentiment can be aroused; it has been aroused. But it will never be aroused by men and women who follow a will-o'-the-wisp of reform, led by a starry-eyed secretary who is well paid for his butterfly activities. And it will not be exerted continuously and effectively under the leadership of those whose one idea seems to be that you can legislate people into paradise, and that a law once on the statute books becomes *ipso facto* a self-operating piece of reform machinery."

Bishop Fiske insists that religion "is something finer and more attractive than the blatant and vulgar substitute for it which obsesses America at the present time," and resents that "just because one is a clergyman the man in the street classes one with the religionists of American Protestantism." Furthermore, "if religion meant the abominable thing it must mean to irritated victims and observers of this crude American caricature of it," he would have nothing to do with it, nor would he blame others if they denounced it with contempt. Therefore, he declares,

"I shall keep on teaching what I believe to be real religion. Tho its quiet voice may not be heard now, as the trumpets blare insistently for more constitutional amendments, more statutory enactments and more welfare movements, I still believe that it has attractive power and that the day may not be far distant when men will once more recognize its modest charm. A few hundred kindly, courteous, quiet, well-disposed churchmen in a community—all of them minding their own business and modestly and unobtrusively worshiping and serving God in their own way; not obnoxiously insistent that everybody shall serve and worship God in exactly the same way; in particular, not inquisitive as to the faults of others, nor over-zealous to bring them to repentance and a better life—a few hundred decent, old-fashioned Christians of this type will do more for the good of their fellow men than all the leaders of all the Hi Ys in this glorious land of the free and home of the brave."

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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THIS is a bird about which we read and ponder, and sometimes travel far to hear. But our own Bobolink can doubtless match it in song; perhaps also the Hermit Thrush. We take this from *The Observer* (London).

NOCTURNE

By V. Sackville West

Now die the sounds; no whisper stirs the trees.
  Her pattern merged into the general web
The shriven day accepts her obsequies
  With humble ebb.

Now are the noiseless stars made visible
  That hidden by the day pursued their track,
And this one planet that we know too well
  Mantles in black.

Then, from the thicket sang the nightingale,
  So wildly sweet, so sudden, and so true,
It seemed a herald from beyond the veil
  Had broken through.

The common earth's confusion all unseen,
  But worlds revealed in broad magnificence,—
That unembodied music thrid between
  Sprang hence, or thence?

Nothing remained of the familiar round,
  Only the soul ecstatic and released
Founted towards the spheres in jets of sound,
  And died, and ceased,

But plangent from the thickets of the thorn
  Broke other voices, taking up the choir,
While Cancer interlaced with Capricorn
  In silent fire,

And all the harmonies were joined and whole,
  Silence was music, music silence made,
Till each was both or either, and the soul
  Was not afraid.

QUILTS must be in the "antique" class by now; who thinks of them as forgotten histories? *The Lyric* (Norfolk) prints this:

THE QUILT

By Mary Fletcher

So she told me its story
And I heard it, not from preference
But of necessity, that day I could not go out
Because the raindrops pattered—
How they seemed to be footfalls
Creeping close, close to the windows
To listen!

"This is the quilt that has been pieced
From scraps of the best-liked costumes
Of many of our blood."
And she unrolled it,
Musky with a faint old odor as of pressed flowers;
As she talked caressing each square
With hands that moved over the bright pieces
Like pale, withered leaves blowing here and there
Among the fallen petals of yesterday's roses;
"This is a piece of your Aunt Taisie Leigh's wedding dress—
It was woven on our loom;
And this was cut from Great-Great-Grandfather's uniform—
He was killed at—"

Thus the tale went on
Till I of today, the youth that had regarded the aged
As something different,
And age a half-crime,
Fused with age—
I am a part of Grand This and Great-Great That—
Pieced from the past to protect
God's slowly growing child, Progress,
I, too, am a quilt!

So utilitarian a thing as a city house may have its romantic mystical mood. At least Miss Young in the New York *Times* would have it so:

CITY HOUSES

By Barbara Young

"Does not your house dream? and, dreaming, leave the city for grove or hill top?"
—Kahlil Gibran in "The Prophet."

Out in the night the city houses stand,
Dreaming in darkness.
And I see their dreams.
They are grown statelier than any noon
Has ever seen them.
They are grown slender, swaying in soft rhythm,
Starlight and moonlight, and a blue, bright darkness.
Almost I hear them singing.
Almost I hear them laughing.
Surely these whisperings are their long yearnings
Become articulate upon the night.

Each one, each dumb and blind and longing one,
Is come at last into its dream,
Into the dim green forest of its love.

O dreaming city houses,
I know you, who you are.
You soft and tender ones,
You strong and searching ones,
You bright and careless, nonchalant and gay,
Under the sky you go upon green lanes
Of rapturous enchantment.
You are unchained of day and all its bars.
Your gates are opened.
I know you. We are brothers to the night.
We are both still and comforted of noon-time sounds,
Cooled of its fevers, shriven of our sinning.
But, oh, it was not sinning!
We were awhile laggard and forgot the stars.
Now, dear my friends, we dream again, forgetting
The long, sad things we looked upon.

For are you not winged? Am I not?
Do we not fly together to the sea
For healing of the spent unmindful days?
There go your wings of dream upon the night.
And what shall stay their going?

Dream and return, and dream and come again,
Even as I. Night is our dwelling place.
O night, O darkness, it is in thee we live,
Our wings upon the air,
Our feet close folded like a bird's in flight.

O dreams of city houses, you and I
Go out into the blessing of the night,
Each to his own heart's home for comforting.

THE coasts of Magna Graecia and Sicily are strewn with places that call up such thoughts as *The Adelphi* (London) contains:

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

By H. D.

Where, Corinth, charm incarnate, are your shrines?
Your citadel? Your towered wall? Your line
Of noble women? Your ancient treasure?
And that ten thousand of your people lost?

War wreaked on you his hideous ravishment;
We, we alone, Nereids inviolate,
Remain to weep, with the sea-birds to chant:
Corinth is lost, Corinth is desolate.

THE elder poets would attach a moral, but those of to-day know better, and they leave to each heart, as does in the London *Spectator*, to discern its own fault.

THE PATH

By C. Henry Warren

A path in April
Those lovers knew,
So sweet to walk
In the evening dew.

There they might find,
Dimpling the grass,
The print of Spring,
Where she did pass.

And lip to lip
They'd touch in a dusk,
So still they could hear
Buds drop their husk.

And they believed,
Against that kiss
Time had no power,
Grief no access. . . .

But now is the path
With briar and grass
So tangled and hid
That none can pass.

Thick fans of leaves
The buds have grown:
Doves in the trees
Make a long moan:

And the meadow-sweet
From its cream spray
Flings a hot scent
At the close of day.

Now rapture dies
In the Midsummer heat
And on the heart
The dull tones beat

Of life that takes
The edge from desire,
Of life that leaves
But ash from the fire.

And now in the level
Green of eve,
They walk apart,
Those lovers, and grieve.

NATURE may speak mostly to deaf ears, as this *Century* verse implies, but Matthew Arnold shows us, she has no laments over her neglect.

HOMO ADDITUS NATURÆ

By Rolfe Humphries

Oh, my young fellow, innocently going
  Across earth's colored acres, stride by stride,
Wrapped in your cloak of mood, and gaily showing
  A scarf of modern thought, too bright to hide,
Under the trees, and over water flowing,
  You pass with roaming eyes, preoccupied
With what you wear, aloof to stones, unknowing.
  The pull and power working at your side.

Some day a ragged, curious old man
  Will come and sun his reminiscent bones,
Hungry to keep what permanence he can,—
  The potent trees, the dull magnetic stones,—
Still unaware how cunningly they drew
  Him into them, long since, when he was you

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PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

Photographs by courtesy of the *American Magazine*

THE ADVANCE OF THE TERRIBLE ENEMY AS SEEN FROM ABOVE

This view of a typical Western forest fire was photographed from an air-plane.

AN EPIC OF STRIFE IS THE FOREST RANGER'S LIFE

SEVENTY-TWO HOURS WITHOUT SLEEP while fighting a forest fire—such is the endurance record of William R. Kreutzer, supervisor of the million-acre Colorado National Forest. And the surge and ebb of such a fight, we are told, are as full of thrills and of dramatic suspense, and as subject to a species of almost military science, as any orthodox battle, whether with redskins or a civilized enemy. The roll and the rhythm of it have a peculiar power of stirring the pulses, we read, and the adventures of a forest ranger—a class of which Kreutzer is said to be an unusually comprehensive type—are probably unapproached in frequency and intensity by those of more romantic figures whose exploits are found worthy of being "tucked within the covers of a book." A sample piece of Colorado fire-fighting is sketched by Alfred Pittman, who introduces us to Kreutzer and his crew, and also to the daughter of one of them, herself a "handy man" in a forest blaze. Two rangers, we learn, had been busy all morning measuring a tract of timber, and they expected to keep at this job until sundown. "But as the day wore on they noticed a suspicious dryness developing in the air." To the trained senses of these fire-fighters of the great open spaces, the "dryness" was evidently a disturbing symptom. "One of the men set out for the nearest telephone, to be at hand in case a call came for help." The other man went on measuring timber. And this other man was Kreutzer.

Presently, we learn, "twigs began to break underfoot with a peculiar sharp crackle." Then his lips began to feel parched, and "dry, white lines appeared on the backs of his hands." Mr. Pittman tells us that the Supervisor of the Colorado National Forest "knew only too well what these ominous signs meant; but he didn't yet know where the danger lay." Writing in the *American Magazine* he continues:

Two o'clock in the afternoon came, and Kreutzer was still at work with his measuring instruments, tho he was continually looking up and away, expecting every moment to see a terrifying but familiar sight. And, finally, he did see it—a column of pitch-black smoke, rising swiftly into the air.

Kreutzer knew at last the direction in which to hunt for his old enemy, the forest fire. Immediately he gathered up his instruments, and hurried down the mountainside to the nearest telephone. There the operator gave him the exact location of the fire, and told him what men were on their way to fight it. A few brief orders for the operator to carry out, and Kreutzer was in his car again, racing over the mountain roads.

He arrived at the fire, and found key-man Mosch already there, with five other men. The ranger with whom Kreutzer had been measuring timber had also come up.

Mosch had been nearest the fire when it started. He had heard of it first at his pool hall, in Tolland. Trained in fire-fighting by the ranger, authorized to hire men and take charge of fires till a forest officer could arrive, he had started at once with five men—and his daughter, Elsie.

Elsie was seventeen, and not forest-reared for nothing. She had hardly reached the fire when she knew that six men weren't enough, not nearly. It was sparsely settled country, but there were men at work on the railway tunnel, seven miles away, able-bodied men, men used to working at that altitude.

Calling to her father where she was going, Elsie unharnessed a wood hauler's horse, swung up on it bareback, and disappeared up the road. Two miles away she commandeered an old car. A mile farther on the car broke a spring and collapsed and she ran half a mile to a sheep camp. She took a horse from a picket there, hitched its rope round its nose for a bridle, and finished the ride to the tunnel.

The tunnel timekeeper said he had already sent eight men.

"That's not enough," she said. And she went back with twenty!

Kreutzer had taken charge of the fire as soon as he arrived—and it was a real fire! It had started at the bottom of a steep, heavily wooded slope, and was climbing rapidly. The "afternoon blow"—that regular daily puff of mountain wind—was on. Pretty soon it developed into a fiery gale. Fingers of flame, scores of feet long, shot ahead of the fire in the matted needles and dead material on the ground. Above, was one terrific mass of fire, stretching out for hundreds of feet through the crowns of the pines and spruces, and drawing a pitchy gas from them and igniting it. And over all sounded the dreadful, deafening roar of the forest fire.

Kreutzer and his two rangers scouted out the fire and got a general line-up on how to handle the fire organization effectively.

Mosch, as soon as he arrived, began a trench warfare against the flames, and Kreutzer carried it on. Some little distance from the "flame line" a swath of timber was felled and removed, thus forming a "control line." This was accomplished by men with saws and axes.

The first crew was closely followed by another with shovels and mattocks. These men dug a continuous trench about two feet wide into the matted needles on the ground. They kept on digging until they struck mineral earth; then they spread this dirt out and around and along the extreme outer edges of the surface fires.

Several men were detailed to locate and extinguish "spot fires"

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that had been blown across the control lines by the high wind. Several fires of this kind were found at a distance of from one-half to three-quarters of a mile from the main forest fire.

It was a flanking strategy: Turn in on the flames; close the line in front of them; put a barrier around three sides of it in the shape of a rude horseshoe, and then close the open end of the shoe. That was the aim from the first. But it was not easy. Men had flocked to the fire—a common enemy. Tools had come in abundance from the caches of the Forest Service. But with all the men and tools, the fire kept ahead.

The men's faces turned black with smoke as they toiled; sweat poured from their bodies; now and then a shirt or a hat was flung aside—burning. One young man was pulled out from the line, gassed. But he was brought around by the application of cold water and first-aid treatment. Kreutzer went into the flame line to get five others who were reported to have been trapt. These men were brought out safely.

"We can't go in there!" cried a crew foreman, in all sincerity,

Photographs by courtesy of the *American Magazine*

THE FIRST LINE OF ATTACK

Fighting a National Forest fire by clearing away brush and débris to check the running of flames along the ground, which is the fire's most treacherous trick.

trying a hot place, and retreating. But Kreutzer, more experienced, ran in ahead of him, delivering quick blows and falling back. And the foreman and his crew, seeing it could be done, followed suit.

Then the men had to be held back. The fire would have outflanked them. A fire had done that with Kreutzer—whipt a great tail of flame around him and shut him in. He had had to be dragged out. And it is only a fire commander's second duty to put out his fire. His first is to save his men.

Darkness came on while the men still labored. The fire that had been a great cloud of smoke and monstrous furnace in the sunlight became a huge flare in the sky at night, casting weird lights and shadows over all the mountainside. The men went in relays for supper to the camp below, where Elsie assisted with the cooking, and returned at once to the line.

And so it went until toward two in the morning, when there came "a lull brought on by the morning stillness." And the supervisor recognized this as "his chance of twenty-four hours to check the fire." The narrative goes on:

He tried—and failed. Not enough fresh men were available to accomplish the plan.

All through the morning hours, and the next day and evening, the men toiled on. Only the utterly exhausted dropt out; and Kreutzer was always in the lead.

At midnight the second night came the lull again—and another master effort. The squads on opposite sides of the line turned resolutely inward, faces scorching.

They came in sight of each other! They made a desperate last spurt—and closed the line! The fire was under control.

But it was not out. It was still a raging furnace that might easily jump the control, by burning out along dry roots underground, or sending embers overhead.

Kreutzer stationed guards along the line, the freshest men he had, and put them under command.

Then he lay down to sleep, his first sleep in forty-three hours. Six hours later he was up again, stationing new guards, taking stock of the situation. And presently he was off to another fire that had started. Such is the life of a forest ranger.

"What was the longest time," I asked, "that you ever went without sleep on a fire?"

"Seventy-two hours!" Kreutzer answered. "That was an eight-day fire altogether, and we fought the whole thing through, with only brief snatches of rest."

Mr. Pittman describes Kreutzer as "still a young man—in his forties, and young for that." And he adds:

But as he sat in his office in Fort Collins and told me his story, I thought I had never read, even in fiction, of a life more full of Western romance.

They say the Old West is gone—except in the movies. But they forget the great stretches of mountains that progress has skipt.

Telephones and automobiles find their way up among them thinly, it is true. But bears and mountain lions, deer and gray timber wolves live there also, and are the friends of these men of the forests. Barbed wire has yet to trouble the "drifting" cattle. And gun play, that final authentic mark of the old-time West, is separated from the present only by the shortest space of time, or, suddenly, isn't separated at all!

Kreutzer is the oldest in service of all the forest force in Colorado, and therefore knows this country as not many men do. He is a wiry man of middle height, with clear blue eyes and a quick finality in speaking, developed through years of dealing with personal danger. His connection with the Government's great forest work in the West dates from its very beginnings.

"I was driving cattle, in 1898, when I heard of the first appropriation for forest work in this section," he explained. "I had had forestry bred into me, I believe. My grandfather had been a forester in the Black Forest in Germany, and my father had brought me up in the tradition, here on his ranch in Colorado. We had put out fires, and cut our timber with an eye to the future, as few people did in those days. I loved the work and the woods, and went right up to apply for a job.

"It was all very informal, compared with the practise to-day. A Denver lawyer had been put in charge of the reserves of Colorado and Utah as superintendent of forests, and he appointed me after about an hour's questioning. This was in 1898. He told me I was to have fifty dollars a month salary, and furnish my own horse and provisions—and that was just about all there was to it!

"'But what shall I do *first?*' I asked him.

"He waved his hand toward the window of his office.

"'See those fires?' he said. Fires had been going, on the mountains above Denver, all summer. 'Well, put them out!'

"'Yes, but—' I began.

"He interrupted me.

"'You've got horses, haven't you?'

"I told him that I had.

"'Well,' he said, 'get on 'em, and go as far as the Almighty will let you, and *put out those fires!*'

"There was nothing more to be done about it, and I got my provisions and started into the mountains that afternoon. In a week I had put out my first fire. I put it out by the trench method we still use.

"That first fire, and seven others the same summer, I had to

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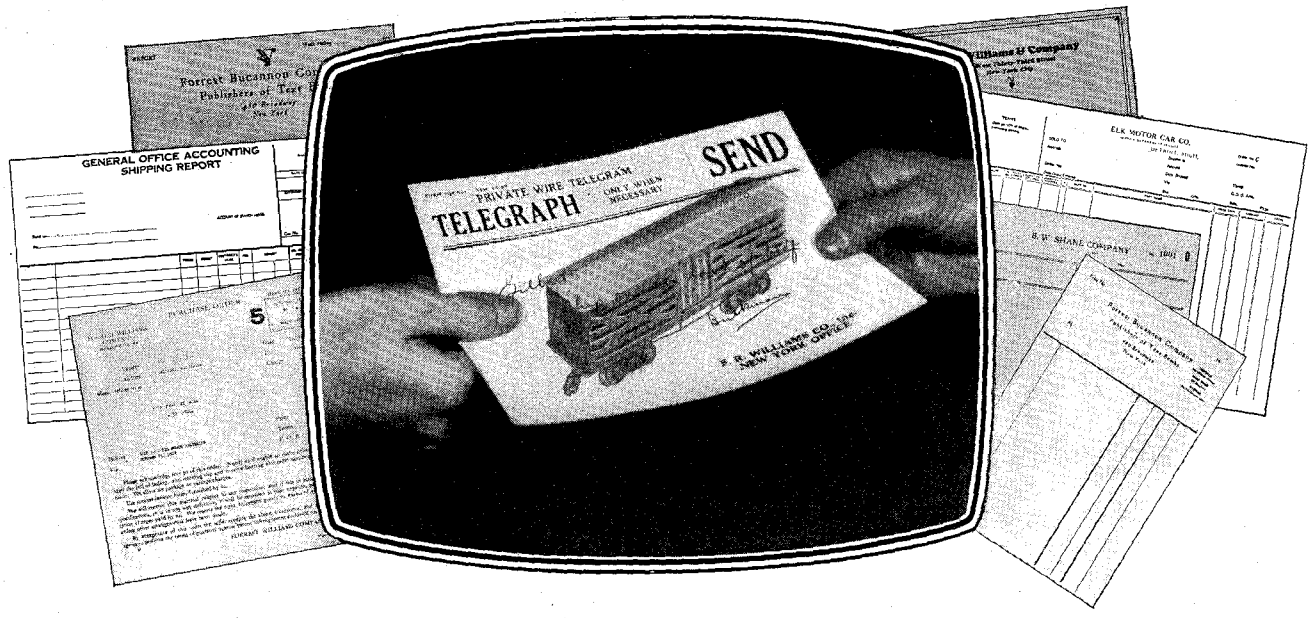

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put out alone; and on the rest of those I handled that year I had only one or two helpers, or a handful at most. In those days there was little or no cooperation on the part of the settlers.

"It wasn't only that the people hadn't been trained in fire-fighting—they hadn't been trained to believe fires could be fought. They thought all fires had to burn out, or burn until it snowed or rained.

"I remember something that happened at one of those early fires. I had been working some forty hours, and was just finishing when a man came strolling up the mountainside. He explained that he owned part of the land that had been burned over. 'I just came up,' he added, 'to see what was stopping this fire!'

"It hadn't occurred to him to come and do anything about it himself. He said he didn't know they *could* be stopt.

"I've had some queer experiences on fires," Mr. Kreutzer continued, "and some very dangerous ones. I lose the soles of my shoes or my hatband in almost every fire. I have had to tear my clothes off, to keep from being burned up. Once I got an ember down my back, and had to find a creek to jump into. I have often plunged into water to cool myself off.

"Two other men and myself were blanketed down with smoke so long, one time, that we were almost suffocated. I called to them to dig through the duff, and breathe against the bare ground. Fresh earth, you know, gives off oxygen. We did that till the smoke lifted, and it was probably all that saved our lives.

"However, it isn't the forest fires themselves that have given us our liveliest times," Kreutzer went on cheerfully. "Strange as it may seem, it's the *people*. Nowadays, of course, the ranger is known for what he is, a business man administering the forests for the benefit of all the people; and trouble with any one is rare. But in the beginning he was regarded merely as an extremely officious intruder, having semi-police powers.

"There had been no forest management, and abuses of all kinds were common. Naturally, the rangers wouldn't be popular with the law-breakers; but the curious thing was that we were just as often misunderstood and opposed by those who were on the square, the very ones we were trying to help.

"I was well broken in on this police part of my problem by a timber trespass case in the old Plum Creek Reserve. The trespassers, it seemed, were disreputable characters who had fled from Montana, and were living in a secluded canyon of West Plum Creek, in my district. Before the district came under management, these outlaws had taken out some railroad ties, and the cattlemen suspected them of stealing their calves.

"As soon, therefore, as the forest force was organized, the cattlemen served notice that any one cutting timber without a permit would be sent to the United States penitentiary for fifteen years. It was a bluff, of course, and the trespassers called it by replying that no *ten* cattlemen—or United States officers—could take them alive!

"There was nothing for it but to make a twenty-five-mile trip into the mountains to see them; and I had to make it alone. Some distance up the canyon, where the men were said to be hiding, I came to a miner's cabin. The miner and his wife both tried to stop me. They told me of the threats made by the outlaws, and said they were sure I would never come back.

"I explained my position: I *had* to go, or surrender for the United States Government. Then I asked them to come up after me and act as witnesses if for any reason I did not return; and they agreed to do it.

"A little farther up the canyon, I came to another cabin, with an old man standing in front of it. He told me, to my surprize, that the men I was after were living with him. And while we were talking, the fellows themselves came out of the cabin. There were two of them—George and Jim, we'll call them. I told them my business, and they agreed at once to take me to the cutting. George remarked, however, that he believed they would take their rifles, and they did!

"They were perfectly cool. They invited me, first, to go up the trail ahead of them. I explained that I was not accustomed to travel in front of men with guns; they knew where the ties were, and they would have to take the lead. They saw that I meant what I said, and walked silently up the mountain ahead of me. In those days I carried a 44-caliber six-shooter, and knew pretty well how to use it, if I do say so.

"Their next trick was to stop at an old prospect hole which was filled with water. They called attention to the timbers that could be seen through the water, and wanted me to come near and look. Of course I refused.

"Finally, at an old cabin, they halted again, and George asked who was the best marksman in the bunch.

"It struck me that this was the time to get rid of those rifles. I drew my sixshooter quickly. Then I told George to put a can on a tree about twenty-five yards away, and to stand his gun against the cabin while he did so. He was in no position to refuse. While he posted the can, I walked to the cabin and emptied the magazine of his gun, keeping a good eye all the while on Jim. Then I told Jim to shoot at the can. When he had shot, I told George to take the same gun and shoot. Then I took the gun, and emptied the remaining cartridges at the can.

"This left me, of course, in complete control. I made the men leave their guns at the cabin, and we went on to the cutting and returned without further adventure."

Photograph by courtesy of *The American Magazine*

PATROLLING THE RANGES A LONELY JOB

Each ranger, we are told, carries a small tent, a few cooking utensils, a supply of food, and simple tools for emergency fire-fighting. He may be absent from his station, deep in the remote wilderness "a week or more without meeting a single human being."

The supervisor told of another occasion on which he was assigned to a certain district on the western slope of Colorado, to succeed rangers "who had had a lot of trouble with the settlers." He continued:

"I had hardly arrived when I was visited at an old cabin in the mountains, where I was making my temporary headquarters, by two men with six-shooters—and invited to leave immediately. In fact, they suggested that I should pack up and start while they were there!

"I tried to reason with them, but they only became more insistent. Then it flashed across my mind that what was talking with such assurance was not so much the men as the revolvers at their sides.

"I am left-handed, altho I shoot about equally well with both hands. I faced one of the men abruptly, with my right hand out as if to shake hands.

"'Your name is what?' I asked.

"He took my hand, automatically; and as he did this I seized his six-shooter with my other hand and emptied it into the air. I let his hand go while I shot; and before the other man had recovered himself, I had *his* revolver and was emptying that.

"There were a few repairs to be made on my roof, but we were able to talk more reasonably after the shooting! And it was characteristic of experiences like this that the men were afterward among my best friends and cooperators.

"These incidents were both in the early days, before 1905, when the old forest reserves of the Interior Department were

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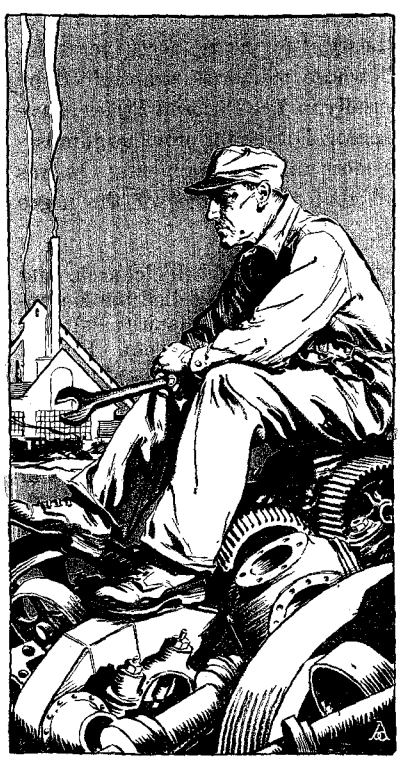
Staggering manufacturing wastes *one simple remedy*



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taken over by the Department of Agriculture, and the present Forest Service was established. But there have been plenty of lively ones since.

"The first sheep were run into my forest, the Gunnison, in 1916, and they were bitterly opposed by the cattlemen. There was no reason for this, except that the cattlemen did not know the sheepmen, and had no faith in them. They were afraid they would trespass on the cattle ranges, in spite of the fact that the greatest precaution had been taken against just that. It was mostly the same old difficulty—getting used to something new.

"At first we staged a pitched battle between the opposing sides, with the Forest Service in the line of fire from both directions! But we got off without any casualties, and the combatants were finally convinced that the Government meant to play a firm hand and do justice to both sides."

It is an extraordinary thing that, with all the close scrapes he has had, Kreutzer has never been shot at, and has never shot at any one.

"Well, I suppose that record would have been impossible," he answered my exclamation of surprize, "if it had not been for something my mother said to me, and if she had not been the *kind* of mother she was. She was the most heroic figure I have ever known. She was brought up in London, England, a merchant's daughter and a city girl altogether. She met my father in the United States, married him, and came out with him to homestead a place in Colorado in the early '70's.

"I was born on their claim, on Indian Creek, in a makeshift one-room log cabin. My father had just put it up, and as he was busy with other things on the place, he had left the windows till last, thinking there would be plenty of time to put them in before winter. But the snow came early that year—and I along with it. I have heard my mother tell how it drifted into the room that night, in spite of the coverings hastily put over the window openings, until they were obliged to shelter her bed with an umbrella!

"While I was still a baby, and when my mother was about twenty-four, and had two other small children, my father accidentally discharged a pistol into his knee. He had to be taken away for an operation, and my mother, in order to hold the homestead, had to remain behind.

"There were ruffians in the neighborhood, and they set to work to frighten her away, in order to take possession of the homestead for themselves. They tried noises in the night, threats, petty persecutions of every sort. But she would not be frightened. At last, one day when she had taken her children and gone to visit a neighbor, they burned her cabin down!

"'And I used to think,' I have heard her say, with a smile, 'that the Wild West stories were exaggerated!'

"But still she would not leave. She got help from the neighbors, rebuilt the cabin, and stayed right there on the place until my father's return.

"You can *see* the hold a mother like that would have on a boy.

"Well—when I was leaving home she told me *not to shoot at any one*. She didn't qualify it; perhaps she knew I would qualify it enough myself.

"'If you kill any one,' she said, 'it will bother you afterward. Even if you are innocent of intent to kill, it will bother you!'

"That was all there was to it; but it made its impression.

"Of course, if it had ever been really necessary to shoot in self-defense, I suppose I would have done it. But that is just the point: I always waited until it *was* necessary—and it never was!"

The story of Elsie, and this epic of Kreutzer's mother, are typical of the heroic parts women have often had to play in the settling up of the West.

"There have been many incidents of that kind," concluded Kreutzer, "and they are interesting, because they show the courage and resourcefulness all sorts of people will uncover when they are put *right up against things*."

He smiled when I asked him about danger from wild animals in the forest. "I have met them all at close range," he said—"cougars, bears, lynxes, timber wolves, coyotes, and bobcats—and not one of them ever made the slightest move to molest me. Of course if I had attacked them, or if something had disturbed them greatly before I arrived, or if I had suddenly come upon a mother with her cubs, it might have been a different story. But, so far as I know, except in such circumstances, no wild animal has ever attacked a human being in these mountains."

Kreutzer paid a feeling tribute to the qualities of the mountain horses on whose instinct the ranger often has to depend for his success and his safety. Picking their way over boulders in narrow and dangerous trails, ever sure-footed, cautious and willing, finding their way out of the remotest places when their riders were at fault—these animals, he said, were richly entitled to human admiration and gratitude.

MARK TWAIN'S "GLORY HALLELUIAH!"

"'TWAS LIKE SOMETHING from another world," we are told, when the author of "Huckleberry Finn" took it into his head to sing negro spirituals. Some of those who were present on such an occasion appear to have been deeply moved, and the recalling of it has brought up once more the question of whether Mark Twain did not have a religious strain in his nature. This question is boldly answered in the affirmative by Katy Leary, "for nearly forty years his faithful servant and friend," whose memories, transcribed by Mary Lawton and printed serially in *The Pictorial Review*, have been drawn upon by THE LITERARY DIGEST for previous glimpses of the great humorist in his more intimate moments. It was during his years in Hartford that the incident of the negro spirituals occurred. We read:

One time Mr. Clemens went to Mr. Twitchell's church, and there was some negro singers there—they was called the Hampton Singers—and they sang all them negro airs (spirituals), and Mr. Clemens, he loved it, and begun to sing with 'em. He had a lovely voice and was very dramatic in his singing, and he kind of sung with them Hampton Singers, under his breath.

I heard about one night there was a lot of company over at the Warners', and Mr. Clemens, he was there, and it was a perfectly lovely night, and there was a full moon outside, and no lights in the house. They was just setting there in the music-room, looking out at the moonlight. And I heard how Mr. Clemens, he just got right up without any warning at all, and begun to sing one of them negro spirituals.

A lady that was there told me that he just stood up with both his eyes shut and begun to sing soft-like—just a faint sound—just as if there was a wind in the trees, she said, and he kept right on singing kind of low and sweet, and it was beautiful and made your heart ache somehow. And he kept on singing and singing and became kind of lost in it, and he was all lit up—his face was! 'Twas like something from another world, and she told me when he got through he just put his two hands up to his head, as tho the sorrow of them negroes was upon him, and begun to sing "Nobody Knows the Trouble I Sees, Nobody Knows but Jesus." That was one of them negro spiritual songs, and when he come to the end, to the "Glory Halleluiah," he gave a great shout—just like the negroes do—he shouted out the "Glory Halleluiah." They said it was wonderful, and that none of them would forget it as long as they lived.

Concerning the larger question of Mark Twain's faith, if any, Katy Leary takes a positive stand in these words:

No, nothing can ever make me think that Mr. Clemens didn't believe in a God. I can't say it too often. I am sure he did! But he didn't think much of man, tho! I've heard that he said one time, "Pretty poor materials went into the making of man." He said, "God must have made him at the end of the week, when He was tired!"

Of course people always said that Mr. Clemens didn't have any faith in God; but I know that wasn't so, because everything he did showed that he did have faith in something, anyway. He wasn't religious the way most people was, but he did believe—and I know it. But he certainly loved Mr. Twitchell very much. Mr. Twitchell was the pastor in the old church in Hartford, and I told you something about him in the beginning—how Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and the children all called him "Uncle Joe." And, oh! Mr. Twitchell and Mr. Clemens was just devoted to each other. Mr. Twitchell used to influence him a great deal, I think—more than anybody else, except Mrs. Clemens.

Mr. Twitchell used to preach at the Congregational Church in Hartford, and at first Mr. Clemens went to church every Sunday—never missed. But after a while he kind of dropt off and Mr. Twitchell, of course, he noticed that, so he come in one evening and he says, "I didn't see you in church this morning, Sam." Mr. Clemens says, "Well, Joe, if you weren't so long-winded I would go regular," he says, "but I do get so weary, so tired, with them long sermons of yours." Well, Mr. Twitchell, he just laughed, and said, "Well, Sam, I'll cut them sermons short the next time I see you setting in church."

When Mr. Clemens believed in any one, he believed in them thorough, and, oh! I must tell you something about a little photograph he bought.

It was a nice photograph. It was in one of the guest-chambers in the house. 'Twas a picture of a little girl—just an ordinary-looking little girl—don't know who it was; and one time a lady who was visiting at the Warners' come over, and she says to Mr. Clemens, "Whose picture is that in the guest-chamber? Whose little girl is that?" He said, "I don't

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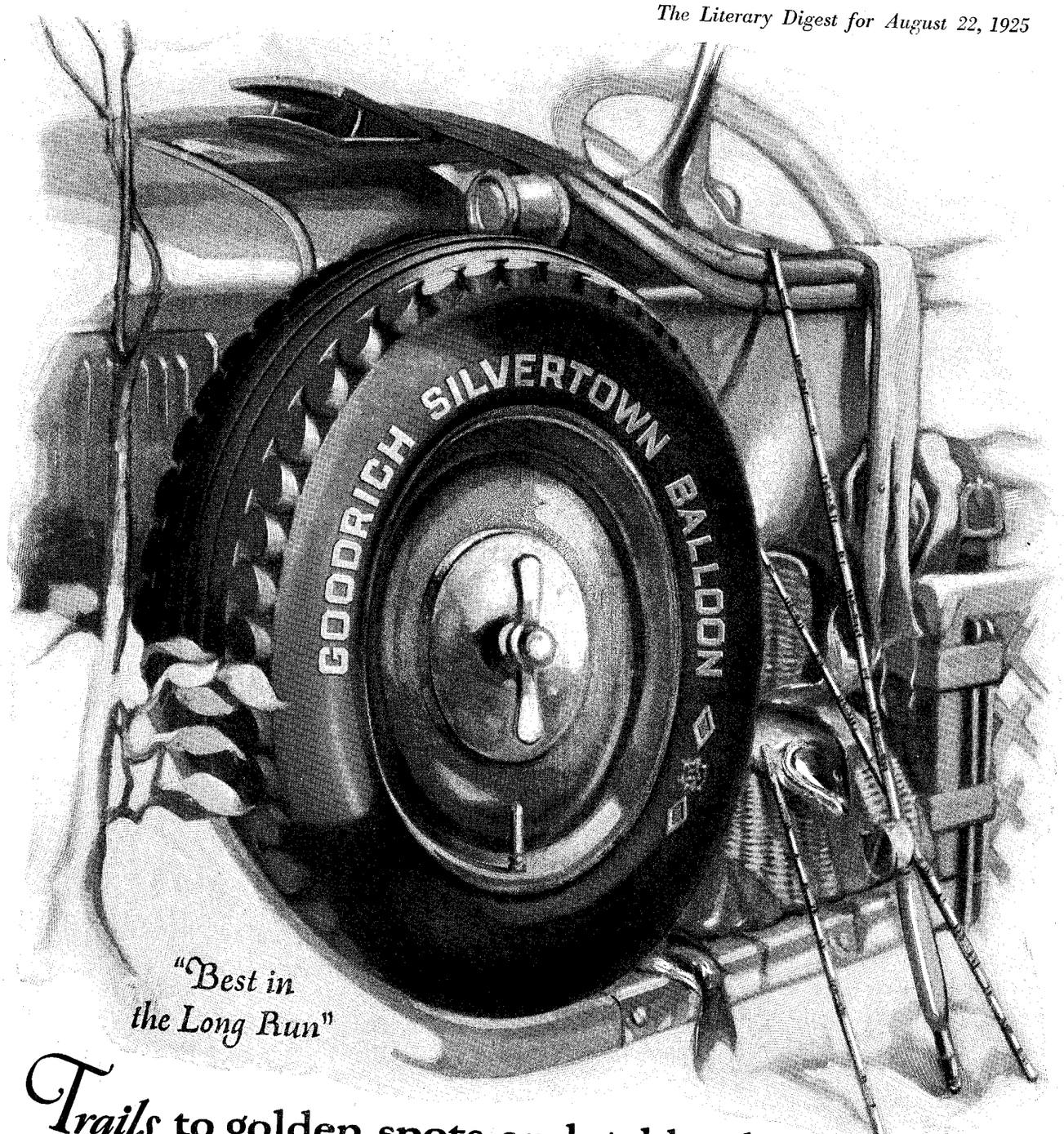

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

know who it is; I haven't any idea. I just bought it in an old photograph shop one time, because it looked so human, and I go in there very often and look at it, and I say to it, 'What has become of you? What has become of you, little girl?' " Then the lady said to Mr. Clemens, "Did you find out who it was, and what had become of her?" And he answered, "Oh, no! I wouldn't find out for anything—not for anything! I like to wonder."

I told you already that Mr. Clemens didn't have such a very high opinion of man. He always said that we don't any of us make our own traits; we just kind of inherit them—we really don't have anything to do about it ourselves. He used to say that God gave us all our good qualities in the beginning; the only difference was that some get more than others, and so it was sort of foolish to praise or blame people too much for things they done. He was always talking about that, and he wrote an article on that subject once. It was very deep and created quite a stir. He had it published, sort of private, a long while after he had written it.

SHALL WE MAKE MISS LIBERTY A TRAFFIC COP?

THE idea that Bartholdi's statue should "earn its living" by gleaming green one minute and red the next, to regulate the congested traffic of New York Bay, was born in the brain of an old tugboatman. He blew it off as a fantastic suggestion for the solution of a real problem. How pressing that problem is may be judged from Archibald Douglas Turnbull's description, in the New York *Herald Tribune*, of the atmosphere in which was born the thought that the Statue of Liberty might be converted into a useful "silent cop." The skipper, we learn, "has spent uncounted years in hammering his pet, the *Alice*, in and out of Buttermilk Channel, across the North River, or even down the Narrows and back." And we read:

His *Alice*, moored for the moment to a Battery dock was a fair example of her sisters, most of them larger, some smaller, who puff and shriek about the big port, or quarrel furiously over the right to prod a 5,000-ton tramp into a Hoboken slip. If any one cares to count their snub noses, there are 800 in the *Alice* family, all frantically busy yanking freight from Jersey City and Brooklyn, or toiling out to sea with barge loads of the city's refuse.

"Yeah," the skipper went on, "we get pretty well jammed up here, now 'n' agin. You take th' coastin' steamers, an' lighters, an' ferries—not t' speak o' liners, ner them fellers that's always makin' runs t' Coney, 'r th' Highlands, 'r maybe some place up-river like Albany. Yes, sir—an' I'd be out there now, on'y f'r havin' a busted steam-pipe!"

To us, it seemed that there could hardly be room for him, among 800. There were the big railroad tugs, like the *Englewood*, or the *Bound Brook;* the smaller but powerful craft that do most of the big steamer-handling; and the scores of independent "pick-ups" who spend their lives dashing about after odd jobs, for all the world like so many cruising taxis. Leaving the *Alice*, we did not altogether envy her.

But we were interested in this question of harbor traffic, for we had been told that it was serious enough to make grave commissioners uneasy and start them to collecting figures on the shipping. Was the harbor really getting too crowded—and could anything be done about it?

The Port Supervisor, a genial, sun-cured captain of the regular navy, invited us to make a tour of his "district" in the *Vigilant*, flag-ship of his squadron of patrol vessels. We accepted at once.

"Of course," the captain began, "my job really hasn't anything to do with traffic. I'm more of a street-cleaning commissioner, because it's up to me to clamp down on these birds who try to shoot ashes alongside a dock, or pick up anything adrift on deck and heave it overboard. Fruit packets, too—we have to keep an eye peeled on them, all the time. You take some craft who pulls in with a few hundred thousand of pineapples. By the time he gets to Brooklyn maybe half of them are rotten—the bottom half, of course, so he can't get rid of 'em at sea. Well, naturally, he doesn't want to drag 'em all outside again, so the chances are, some night, he'll give 'em an easy passage."

"And what becomes of them?" we asked.

"Oh, we find 'em drifting along the pier-heads, or maybe cluttering up Gowanus Creek. Lord knows most anything goes into that mucky sinkhole. They're getting better, tho, I'll say that for 'em. You clap on a few stiff fines, or snatch away some bird's permit to dock, and he's pretty apt to hear from his owner. See that streak across our bows?"

It was a dull, dusty streak, stretching away on both sides, drifting idly in the slack tide.

"Grain dust," explained the captain. "Look over there at Hoboken and you'll see half a dozen grain elevators. Stuff's light enough, but it's a nuisance, if it's looks you're after."

At which the writer had a sudden realization, he tells us, of how little the folks in the wheat belt know of what really happens to their European shipments. As he remarks:

It's easy enough for a wheat grower to fill a box-car, seal it "F. O. B. Kansas City," and start it rattling over the ties toward the Jersey shore. After that he has nothing to do but wait for a European draft to drop in and pay for it.

But suppose that shipment is to be made in a vessel that happens to be lying at Brooklyn? When the car gets to Hoboken, out comes all that grain, sucked up into this odd-looking lighter with its top-heavy tower. Across the bay it goes, yanked by a tug because most elevators have no power of their own, to wherever the ship may be. And there it is all blown over into the holds—so the whole outfit can go back for another load. No wonder there are white flour paths across the rivers.

"Yes," the captain went on, "it's quite a beat these little craft of mine have to cover. Technically, you know, the port goes all the way up the East River, under the bridges and down to the Hook on both sides. And then there's Newark Bay—'all tributary waters,' the book says, which means clear to Albany, if you stick to chapter and verse. Why, I've got a row on, right now, over some squarehead who dumped fuel oil off

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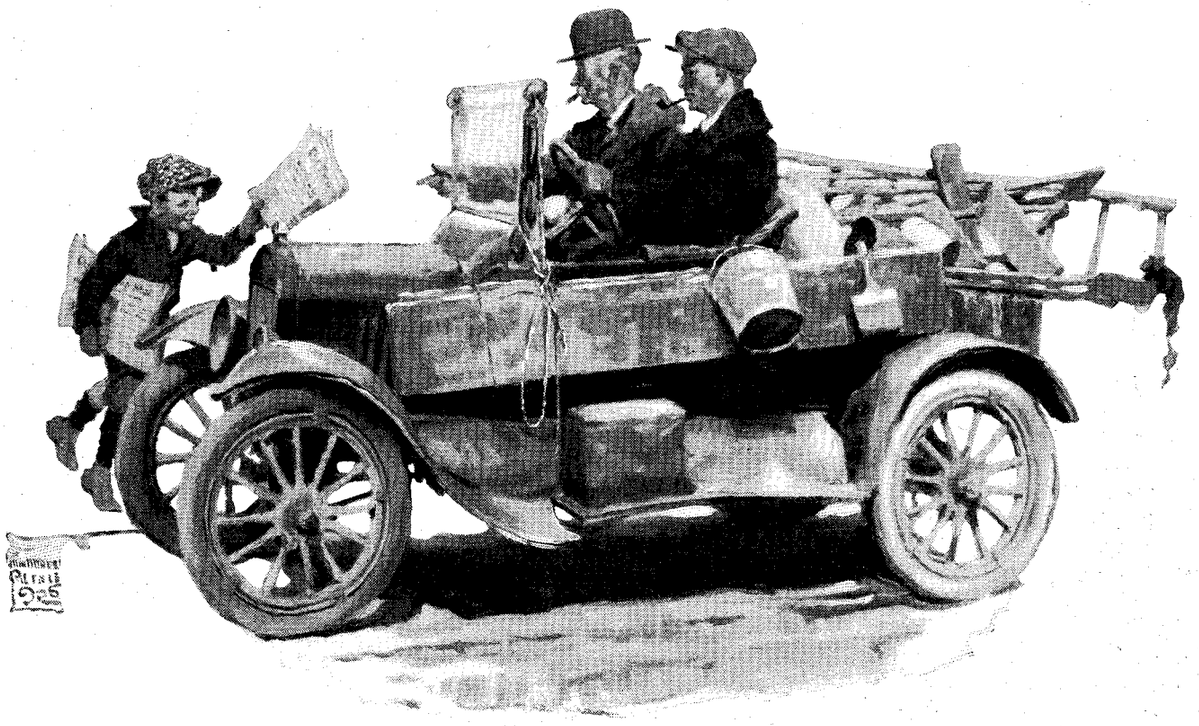

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For these people keep the big stores going. They keep the savings banks full. Their steady trade means increased volume to any business. Their demand for products that meet their needs is incessant. The nickels, dimes and dollars they spend have the very same value as the nickels, dimes and dollars of the rich.

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More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Troy. Quite a port, this, one way and another."

And so it is. America's Gangplank is a pretty good name for it, when you look at what passes over it. There is a continuous stream of grain, lumber, oil, coal, motor-cars of every make, textiles—anything and everything from a cotter-pin to a locomotive, to say nothing of unnumbered millions of human beings.

It would stump anybody to count the people. Of course, you can get the Customs House to tell you that its official records show well over a million, in and out, every year. But that means only the usual tourists, the men and women on flying business trips, and the inbound quotas of those who still expect to find Utopia. It takes one ship in and another out every half-hour of the working day, just to accommodate that crowd.

As for the breathless jam of commuters who still fill up the hundred-odd ferry-boats, in spite of all the tunnels, tubes and bridges—no one could even guess at them. Besides, who knows what the coastwise ships bring or take away? They go in and out just as often as the liners, and, of course, they do not "check in" at the Customs. The straw hats alone, piled one upon another—well, it would make a pretty problem.

We really got in on this tour with the supervisor because he knew one of our party—an artist who thought he could paint New York without putting in the faithful, inevitable old skyline. The things that interested him were the faded, almost unrecognizable colors that hung from the staffs of dirt-streaked old tramps, bound for some scarcely charted port, and the jets and billows and clouds of smoke—white, gray or inky black—that filled the air in every direction. He sniffed at the mighty, spotless *Berengaria* when she went out, and turned up his nose at the haughty *Majestic*, headed in. Not so picturesque, he sneered.

But our near-poet got a thrill out of all the power that was being used to keep the port going. He said he would do a poem about that, and then he wanted to know what all the ships were carrying, and whether they were headed out for the Gold Coast or Samarkand, or homeward bound from Yokohama or the South Seas. Like the artist, the poet wondered how the rest of us could care about anything as commonplace as mere traffic.

The captain laughed at them.

"Well," he said, "if you'd ever tried to bring a man-o'-war through this push, you'd think differently. It's a pretty sticky mess, if you're on a battle-wagon and you want to get her up to Ninety-sixth Street on this side, or even the navy-yard on the other. Every blessed ferry is on your bow, and the whole river's cluttered up with scows and dredges and small craft—every one of 'em going across just as the fleet comes in."

"But, of course, they all take to cover from a battle-ship?" asked the artist.

"Not they. Why, they know darned well a man-o'-war can't afford to hit one of 'em, even if she has the right-of-way—especially if they're passenger craft."

"But suppose you couldn't help hitting them?"

"Have to help it. Take a chance and ram a dock first, if there's any choice. You might live down a navy court-martial and still get promoted in time, but you'd never

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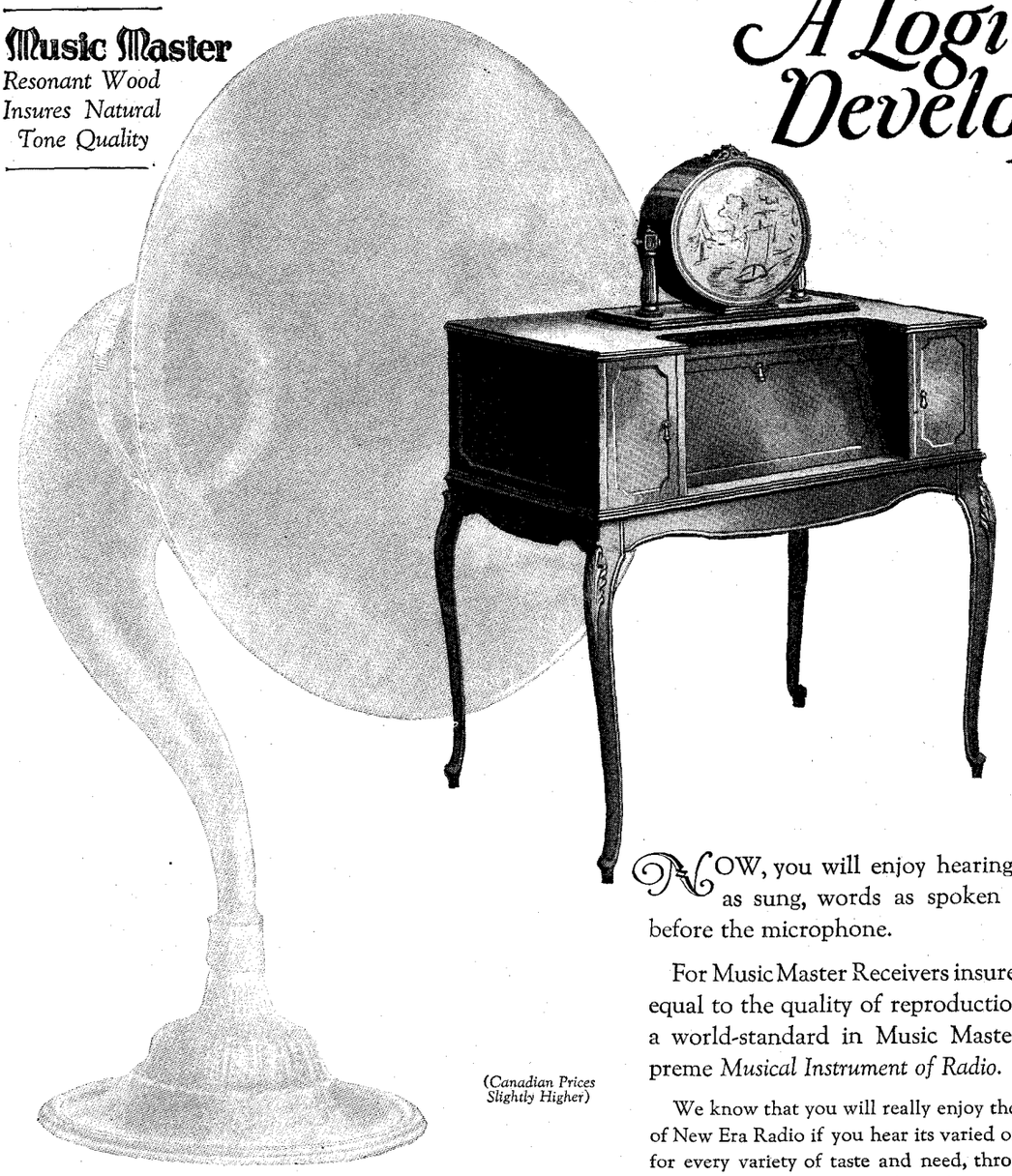
Music Master Receiving Sets

A Logical Development

Music Master
Resonant Wood Insures Natural Tone Quality



Type 300

Five Tubes. New circuit. Connect with standard bell or cabinet type Music Master Reproducer, or with specially designed art model reproducer, illustrated. Great selectivity, extraordinary volume, wonderful tone quality. Solid mahogany cabinet, beautifully ornamented, brown mahogany art satin finish.

Price, $300

Music Master Reproducer Model XII. Drum Type. Specially designed art model, illustrated.

Price, $35

(Canadian Prices Slightly Higher)

Ten Models, $50 to $460, Guaranteed Unconditionally

Authorized dealers everywhere are ready to demonstrate radio as you have always wanted to hear it. See Music Master—hear—compare—before you buy ANY radio set.

NOW, you will enjoy hearing over the radio songs as sung, words as spoken and music as played before the microphone.

For Music Master Receivers insure efficiency of reception equal to the quality of reproduction which has achieved a world-standard in Music Master Reproducer, the supreme *Musical Instrument of Radio.*

We know that you will really enjoy the wonderful entertainment of New Era Radio if you hear its varied offerings for young and old, for every variety of taste and need, through the proved powers of Music Master reception and the demonstrated supremacy of Music Master reproduction available in one splendid radio ensemble—Music Master Receiver.

Combining the functions of radio in one complete unit of supreme efficiency, Music Master reasserts its pre-eminent title as the *Musical Instrument of Radio*—there IS no substitute.

Music Master Corporation

Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus

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CHICAGO NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH MONTREAL

Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario

Music Master RADIO PRODUCTS

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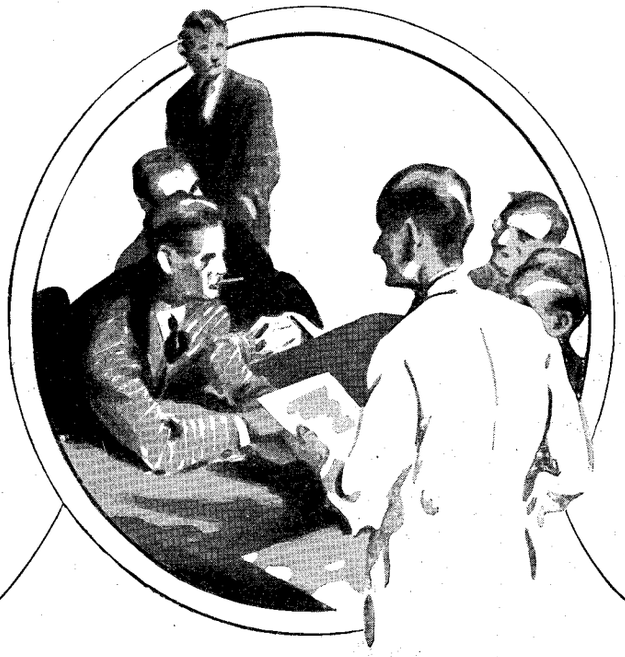

To Executives Who Must Conserve Time—

Precious hours have a habit of slipping by almost unnoticed. Too much business detail is often the cause, consuming time that should be devoted to bigger things.

How to conserve time—that is every busy executive's problem. Cyclone Fence, enclosing industrial property, is a step in this direction. Cyclone Fence promotes order, helps to establish system, prevents outside interference, trespass, theft, vandalism. Thus, it eliminates many annoying, time-consuming problems in administration.

Cyclone Nation-Wide Service—
Complete Responsibility

From the time your order is placed until fence is erected, the Cyclone Fence Company assumes complete responsibility for every detail of the manufacture and installation of Cyclone Fence. *Phone, wire or write for complete information.*

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Factories and Offices:
Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Tex.
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Cyclone Fence
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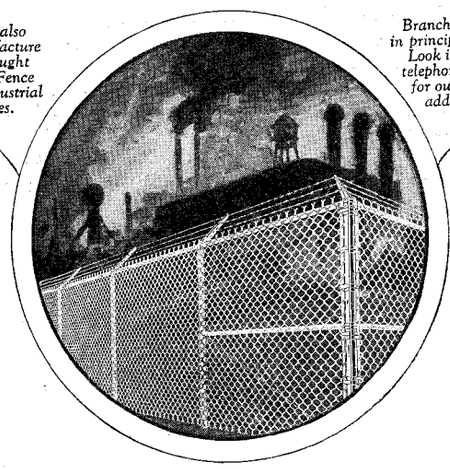
We also manufacture Wrought Iron Fence for industrial uses.

Branch offices in principal cities. Look in your telephone book for our local address.



The Mark of Quality Fence and Service

Cyclone "Red Tag" Fence and Products

Property Protection Pays

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

get over a row in a civil court, if anybody was hurt. And these fellows out here all know that, worse luck! Hullo—must be a fire over there!"

They were swinging at that moment toward a Brooklyn dock, and were treated suddenly to that stirring spectacle, a waterfront fire on a crowded harbor. We read:

Almost instantly a new squadron of tugs appeared from nowhere and from everywhere; not the truck-horse or the taxi type, these, but big fellows equipped with skeleton towers or trunnions like gun-mounts, and gleaming with bright brass nozzles—the fire-boats. Close behind them flashed a big motor-launch, streaking across our bow in a swirl of white wake—the harbor police. Outside that a crowding circle of boats stopt to watch.

At the inner end of a long red warehouse the flames were curling over the roof, flashing and leaping only a few feet from the tarred rigging of the big ship alongside. About that ship's deck hoses were squirming, men were running, and orders were echoing. Beside her bow, the nose of a long ladder, sticking up beyond the warehouse eaves, told us that the shore firemen were already at hand, and from the city streets we could hear the furious banging of gongs that meant more help was coming. A few seconds later the fire-boats took a hand. Streams of water as thick as a big man's arm drove in against the end of the dock and the warehouse.

We were told that this was nothing of a fire, and indeed it did seem to be rather quickly overcome. But it was enough to give us a good lesson on what might happen along those great docks, packed with shipping, choked with fire food of all sorts, and so close after all to the crowded city. Studying that lesson, we hung about until the fire-boats had packed up and gone, then swung across toward Governor's Island and its round, red old fort.

"There's some talk of building a causeway down here," the supervisor told us. "Idea is to fill in all the way to the Island and make Manhattan that much longer. If they did that they'd have to dredge out Buttermilk and dam up the Harlem River to get rid of the tide. Something like that will have to be done at this rate. We get about 7,000,000 tons of shipping in and out every month, and you know what that means? Pretty nearly half of the whole country's overseas trade, and maybe $300,000,000 a year just in duties alone. It stands to reason that it won't get any less."

A smart little steam yacht passed us, perhaps carrying home some mighty man of Wall Street, who is independent of trains and ferries.

"Plenty of those about," remarked the captain, as he pointed out her nice streamlines. "Taking this port in a lump, there are just exactly 102 yacht clubs of all sizes and kinds around here, and all have to be 'circularized' when there's any change in the harbor regulations. They add their bit to jamming up the traffic, by the way, if it happens to be good weather."

Night was shutting down as we made our way up the Hudson. The lower end of the big city was dark and quiet, but the holiday glare up-town was beginning.

At a mid-city dock, where Cunarders,

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ONLY HALF-LIVING?

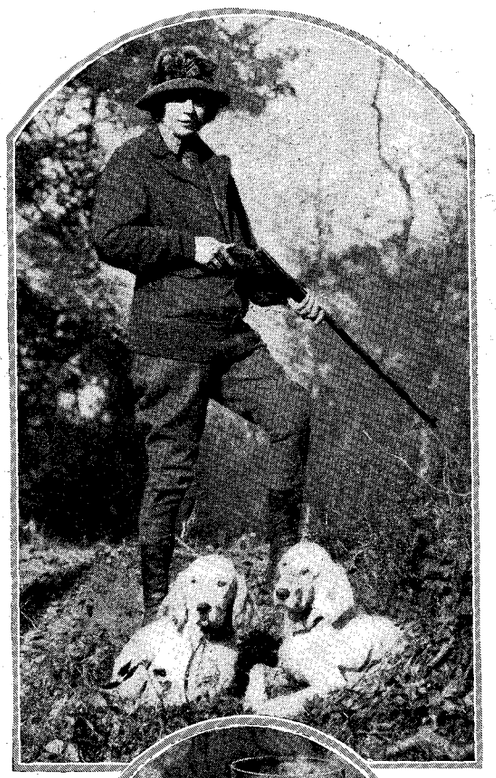
Thousands have found fresh energy, new vitality, health and success through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

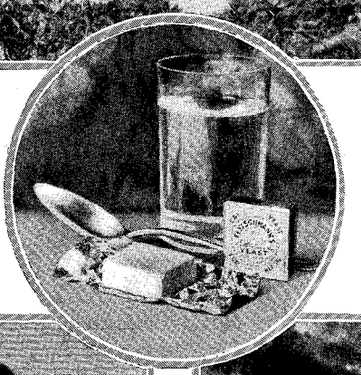
Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-67, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



RIGHT

"I HAD SUCH SEVERE INDIGESTION that I could eat almost nothing—often could not sleep at night at all. I had tried every sort of remedy without real relief. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast; I ate it for two months. Today my digestion is absolutely normal; my appetite has returned—in a word, my health is perfect again. I owe all this to Fleischmann's Yeast, and I cannot praise it enough." MISS E. LAPOINTE, Montreal, Quebec, Canada



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. You will find many delicious ways of eating Yeast—on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—with a little salt or just plain. Eat 2 or 3 cakes a day regularly before meals.

"I AM SENIOR CLERK in the local Post Office. Five years ago I purchased a home and kept cows and sold milk to pay for it. . . . I soon saw that the strain was too great. I became nervously and physically exhausted. Constipation seized upon me and gas pains became common. On my good mother's suggestion I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I looked for relief and I got it. Today the gas pains have disappeared and constipation is wholly corrected. Yeast serves as a source of vitality which actuates my whole being; and we still have the home and the cows." HOWARD J. SMITHERS, Randolph, Vermont

"AS A YOUNG MOTHER, having given birth to eight children within nine years, complications setting in and my nerves badly shattered, I was fast losing my vitality. I tried eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon developed a fondness for it, and my health started to improve wonderfully. Within eight months I felt as if I could do the work of a longshoreman. It certainly did restore energy to my wasted body. For clearing the complexion there is nothing like it. And it has also proved a life-saver to my husband for boils."

MRS. FLORENCE MURRAY, New York

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To keep your hair healthy

[4 simple treatments]

FOUR common scalp conditions tend to rob the hair of its natural life and health. In this column we tell you about four simple treatments designed to correct these conditions. These treatments are based on modern scientific thought in the care of the hair and scalp.

In employing Packer's Tar Soap with the treatment that meets your hair condition, remember that Pine Tar in a shampoo soap has for years been recommended in the care of the hair by foremost authorities.

for DANDRUFF

Authorities find that dandruff is responsible for at least 75% of the cases of falling hair. But dandruff need not be serious if carefully and properly treated. The Packer Method of treatment, based on modern thought, will be found in the booklet which comes with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for DRY *hair*

Successful shampooing removes the accumulations of surface oil from the scalp. This makes the hair seem dry at first but this dryness is temporary and only noticeable for a day or two. If dryness persists it is probably due to inactivity of the oil glands—a condition requiring special care and treatment. You will find an authoritative treatment for dry hair in the booklet packed with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for OILY *hair*

Too oily hair is produced by an over activity of the oil glands. A special treatment for oily hair including hints on the correct way to massage, is given in the booklet packed with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for FALLING *hair*

For falling hair, we recommend the Packer treatment for dandruff, the most common cause of premature baldness or loss of hair (you will find this treatment in the booklet which comes with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap). If, however, the regular use of this Packer treatment does not stop the loss of your hair, consult your family physician. He may find some underlying cause due to your general health or he may suggest that you see a scalp specialist.

PACKER'S *Tar Soap*

Each cake in a metal soap box

Informative leaflet, giving the proper shampoo method and other valuable suggestions, is packed with each cake.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

White Stars and French liners congregate, lay a great ship. Perhaps she had been a few hours late on the last westward passage and had a close-cut schedule to catch a certain tide at Cherbourg. Whatever the reason, the night-loading job was under way.

Beneath the dock's high-vaulted roof, big arc lamps were gleaming. Opposite the broad dock doors, the ship's cargo ports were flung wide in her dark hull, and light streamed out. Where no light fell the black blots were all the blacker. Out of the shadows and into them again darted a stream of sweating stevedores; some white, some black; some born within a stone's throw of the water-front, others five thousand miles from their cradles, but all now known as good Americans. Small motor-trucks and hand-carts rolled and rumbled over the dockboards in every direction; winches on the ship's deck made hissing, groaning protests, but never stopt snatching at the big cargo, nets overflowing with crates and cases.

Up from the dock creaked a load, to hang for an instant over a gaping hold and then plunge down, with a rattling of blocks, to where eager hands must be waiting to seize and stow it.

"Look alive! Hoist away! Lower handsomely!"

In the shifting light and darkness those hoarsely shouted orders seemed far more imperative than they would have been in broad day. Perhaps they really are, since nothing must delay a ship beyond her proper sailing hour.

THE MAN WHO PUT GOODNESS INTO THE "WICKEDEST TOWN"

SHERIFF HAM BELL, who helped to tame Dodge City, Kansas, when it was the "Cowboy Capital," has fallen upon such peaceful days, we read, that he now delights in the breeding of canaries, goldfish, and Japanese dancing mice. And Dodge City itself, once known as "the wickedest town in America," is now described as "a God-fearing, go-getting, growing city in southwestern Kansas." The transformation is enlarged upon by Harry Norman in the New York *World*. He writes:

Gone are the buffalo, the long-horn steers, the bad men, the bagnios from this once rip-roaring burg, the center of a vast region of which it once was said that "all they raised was cattle and hell."

A Kansas editor, upon his return from Dodge City, once wrote for his paper: "Most places are satisfied with one abode for the dead. In the grave there is no distinction. The rich are known from the poor only by their tombstones. And yet Dodge City boasts of two burying-spots—one for the trained souls that generally died with their boots on. 'Boot Hill' is the somewhat singular title applied to the burial-place of that class. The other is supposed to contain the bodies of those who died with a clean sheet on their beds—the soul in this case being a secondary consideration."

They were buried literally with their boots on and wrapt in their saddle blankets or in any other personal equipment—these victims of saloon, dance-hall, and gambling fights. When one was "bumped off," the authorities just hustled the body out to Boot Hill and speculated upon what else the day would bring forth in bloodshed.

"No, we didn't put 'em in coffins," an old-timer remarked. "They were lucky to have a saddle blanket for a shroud—and lumber was very expensive down here in those days."

And what of Boot Hill to-day? Dodge City, that once boasted of a sod-house school, now has millions invested in school buildings. One of these, a fine brick ward school, surmounts Boot Hill and overlooks the rich Arkansas River Valley, and Dodge City is preparing to replace it with a larger and finer structure.

Grim old "Tin Can Alley" of the wild and woolly days has become splendid Chestnut Street; the water-tank, the calaboose, and other spots, about which centered many gun-fights, are but memories. It was in Tin Can Alley that they parked the oxen, the "hosses," the dogs, and the drunks—now they park the best of motor-cars along this place of civic pride and beauty.

The old Dodge City had no churches; the new has many. And who do you reckon is one of the town's leading churchmen?

In a fine motor-car salesroom sits the immaculately neat, kindly eyed proprietor, H. B. ("Ham") Bell, a pillar in the Methodist Church and post-graduate livery-stable keeper. He is one of the historic characters of Dodge City of the heyday of its wickedness. He is ex-Sheriff "Ham" Bell, tamer of cowboys, gun-fighters, and divers breeds of bad men.

Yes, Dodge City has been transformed. The man who was conspicuous in the bringing of order out of chaos in what was once the plug-ugly's paradise and the desperado's gamboling ground, boasts no notched six-shooters on the walls of his motor salesroom; no Indian relics; no buffalo heads or long horns of Texas steers; no boots of bad men, either. No, none of these sideshow trappings for ex-Sheriff Bell's place! A hundred chances and you'll miss guessing right at what's the hobby of this tamer of the hell-raisers in Old Dodge.

It's raising canaries!

They are in cages on the windows; on the walls; suspended from the ceiling; on his office desk—everywhere.

"Uncle Ham" has a name for every one of the hundred or more, talks to them in "bird language," and they sing at his bidding.

"Occasionally I sell some of them," he remarked, "but the main reason the place is cluttered up with cages is I like to have the little fellows around."

Then there are many goldfish in the place, for he likes to care for them, too.

"But look at these cute little creatures," ex-Sheriff Bell says to callers. "They're my pets, also. They're Japanese waltzing mice." And they proved it, for at "Uncle Ham's" bidding, they put on a dance with joy unconfined.

Like most truly courageous men, "Ham" Bell is modest. But Robert M. Wright, who compiled his recollections of many years in a volume entitled "Dodge City, the Cowboy Capital," thus referred to his friend: "In all his official tenure of thirty years, Mr. Bell has never shot a man and never hit a man with a gun to effect an arrest, tho I think he has arrested more people for the warrants handled than any sheriff in our Western country." Which means that Sheriff Bell was quick on the draw and proficient in backing up his commands.

The kindly faced former peace officer

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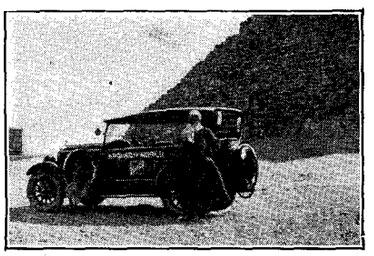
Around the World went DUCO—

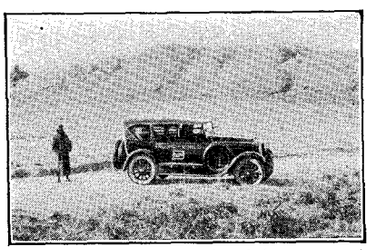
And 30,000 Miles of Oceans, Deserts and Mountains Did Not Mar Its Beauty

RECENTLY a Buick touring car, finished with DUCO, arrived in New York, completing a trip unlike any ever taken by any other automobile.

This car had followed the tracks of camels—had been pulled from bogs by bullocks—had forded muddy rivers—had dropped through culverts—had crawled through irrigation ditches. And its DUCO finish was unchanged—as fine as when it started out, months before.



At the foot of the Pyramid



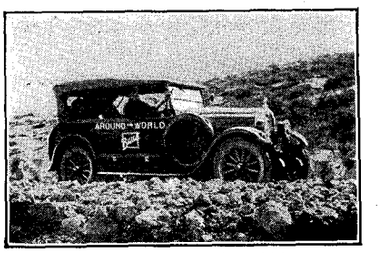
In the sands of Babylon

The car had traversed fourteen countries. It had penetrated the rocky trails of Syria and Ceylon—the sandy, granite-studded wastes of Egypt—the wilds of Mesopotamia—the cliffs and gorges of Australia and New Zealand.

Think of all that DUCO had withstood: violent and almost instantaneous changes of temperature—the flying, grinding sands of the desert—fog, rain, wind, mud without end—the blazing bite of the tropical sun—the tearing clutch of branches—the steaming heat of the jungle!

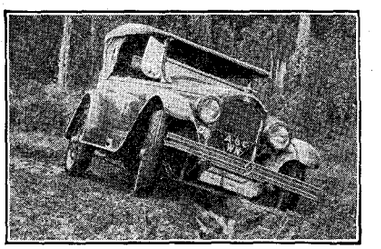
Before DUCO was created no one believed that a finish could be made which would not disintegrate, under conditions like these.

It was planned that when the car reached Australia, its finish should be retouched, if necessary. But a cable from the Buick agent at Melbourne to New York read—"No retouching whatever is required. DUCO finish is like new."



What they call a road in Palestine

And when—after the car had circled the globe—it rolled up Broadway—its DUCO surface was undimmed. The only blemishes on it were three small scars on the hood, where the hammer of a careless packer, at Colombo, Ceylon, had struck it.

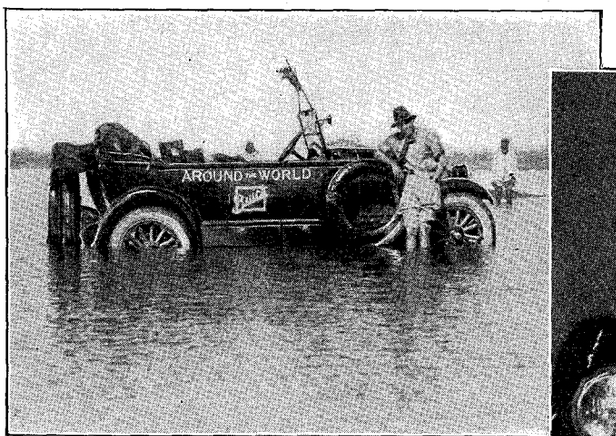


Ditched in New Zealand

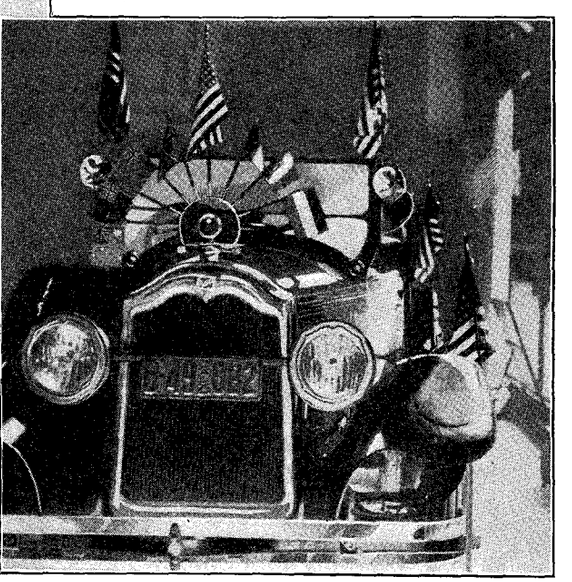
You, yourself, can have a car finished exactly like this one—for most of the largest manufacturers of good automobiles now use DUCO—*the finish whose beauty endures!*

Or your old car can be finely refinished with DUCO—for there are more than 1600 DUCO Refinishing Stations in this country, and abroad.

DUCO was created and is produced only by E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Chicago, San Francisco.



Above—*Fording a river in India. Conditions like these were met and overcome, day after day. Imagine what would have happened to any old-time finish!*



At right—*The car on display in New York, after its return. Its DUCO finish as richly lustrous as when the trip began.*

DUCO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNLIKE ANYTHING ELSE, IT IS DUCO, THE BEAUTIFUL ENDURING FINISH

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Thirsty Fibre Really DRIES
150 towels in a dust-proof carton, 40c. In Rocky Mountain Zone and Canada, 50c. (Postage paid by us.)
24.6 cents per carton when bought by the case (25 cartons—3750 towels). Price per case $6.15 F. O. B. Factory. Weight 60 lbs. Even lower prices on orders of 5, 10 and 25 cases. Ask your dealer, or send us your order.
SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa.
Also makers of ScotTissue and Waldorf Toilet Papers
Scotissue Towels
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ScotTissue Towels
Scott Paper Company
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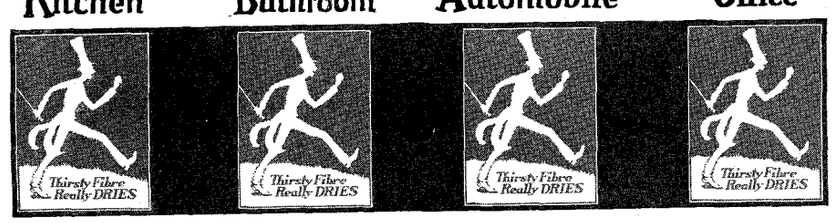
The Health Towel *of a hundred uses!*

Millions of thirsty fibres in every ScotTissue Towel distinguish it from every other similar product and impart to it that quick-drying, clean, soft quality you find so desirable in a towel.

for

Kitchen Bathroom Automobile Office



PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

refers inquirers who seek information about the very earliest days of Dodge City, which came into being in 1872 when the Santa Fé Railroad had its terminus there, to A. O. ("Brick") Bond, one-time buffalo-hunter, now druggist across the street from Mr. Bell's salesroom. There, Colonel Bond's clerks deal out drugs and sundries while phonographs play the latest music. The smile that bad men of the 'seventies and 'eighties feared still adorns his countenance, but the shock of flaming red hair is thinning now, along with the freckles. He once was a buffalo-hunter—a mighty one, too, the old-timers tell you. Colonel Bond shot down as many as 1,500 buffaloes in a week. Once he killed 250 and called it a day, and he had to be on the lookout for Indians as well as bison.

"I alone had fifteen skinners," he said. "And I was but one of many hunters. Good ones made as high as $100 a day in the killing season. Bob Wright and Charley Rath shipped over 200,000 buffalo hides the year the railroad came. Hundreds of cars of hindquarters were shipped out for food. Several car-loads of buffalo tongues alone were sent East that year."

Above the door of "Brick" Bond's drug store is this sign, a reminder of the old times: "Webster & Bond," the one-time buffalo-hunter's partner having been A. B. Webster, several times Mayor of Dodge City. Webster was another man of great courage. He once posted this proclamation: "All thugs, thieves, confidence men and persons without visible means of support will take notice that the ordinance passed for their special benefit will be vigorously enforced." And it was enforced throughout his term of office.

We are introduced to one of the most famous gun-fighters of that time, in the person of "Bat" Masterson, who "at times was a peace officer," but at other times "clashed with his successors in law enforcement." We read:

The older residents tell of Webster meeting Masterson. Webster tapped "Bat" on the shoulder when he sauntered past him, heavily armed.

"Bat, a train's about to pull out—you're going out on it," Webster said.

"Who said so?" barked "Bat."

"I did," replied Webster, "and you're not coming back while I'm Mayor."

"Bat" departed per schedule, according to the story. From the many narratives told of Masterson's nerve by Southwesterners, Webster must have been a courageous man indeed to have accomplished such a feat. It may have been that Masterson departed simply because he deemed discretion the better part of valor.

"But I know that 'Bat' Masterson came back later," said Dr. O. H. Simpson, a resident of Dodge for forty years.

"Bat" Masterson, who survived the famous Indian fight at Dobe Walls, not far from Dodge, did not eventually die clutching a rifle or six-shooter. He fell dead more than a thousand miles from the old frontier—in the office of a New York morning newspaper only a few years ago when writing a sports story.

"Brick" Bond well remembers the days "buffalo bones were legal tender in Dodge." In the period when bad men's bones were filling unmarked graves on Boot Hill,

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poor emigrants to southwestern Kansas were getting a start in life in the bone-gathering industry.

"The buffalo bones were a godsend to the settler," said Colonel Bond. "Great stacks, some higher than freight-cars, lined the railroad tracks."

Another Dodge pioneer is Dr. T. L. McCarty. He and his son, Dr. Claude McCarty, the first white child born in the town, are partners in the practise of medicine. The elder McCarty went to Dodge City when it was founded. He patched up the bullet-ridden, operating on men in saloons and dance-halls, and after many years founded a hospital with the aid of his son. He was the only man in the early days of the town to hold on to the "habits of civilization"—that is, he never gave up a white collar and a white tie, nor foreswore his daily shave, and every rough-and-ready man was ready to fight for him at the drop of the hat. His son, Dr. Claude McCarty, the oldest native of Dodge, tho still in his early fifties, has lived to see the place once acclaimed so wicked that Kansas folk said there "was no God west of Newton" become a "church town," an educational and commercial center.

What a contrast the peaceful Dodge country of to-day is with the period when the younger Dr. McCarty was born, this story attests:

A man named Peacock ran a "whisky ranch." Among his cronies was Satank, war chief of the Kiowas, for the white men knew the Indian sign language—the high-sign language, too—and the redskin's love of liquor. Peacock's activities stirred the Indians into an ugly mood, so the soldiers from Fort Dodge were chasing the white trader frequently. One day when Satank had his white crony in concealment, the chief said to him:

"Peacock, you write fine letter to show to wagon bosses, and I get plenty chuck. Tell 'em me great war chief."

"You bet, chief," Peacock replied. Thereupon he wrote: "This is Satank, the biggest liar, beggar, thief, and all-round cockeyed blackguard in seventeen States and all the Territories. Kick him out of camp—he's a no good, liver-hearted skunk of an Injun."

One can visualize the reception accorded to the Kiowa chief. Finally, after one wagon boss had blacksnaked Satank, the chief got a halfbreed to interpret the letter. Then the chief gathered up a bunch of braves and rode straight for the whisky ranch. He shot Peacock full of holes and killed every white man about the place, save one, a hunter who had been gored by a buffalo.

It was not until the early nineties that Dodge City realized that Kansas had a prohibitory law. That was the beginning of the end of what "toughness" still remained in a far-off corner of the State.

A. Gluck was Mayor and was impeached for his failure to enforce Prohibition. W. J. Fitzgerald, still a resident of Dodge and former Lieutenant-Governor of Kansas, became Acting Mayor. Ed Madison was prosecuting attorney and Mike Sutton was adviser to the law-and-order group.

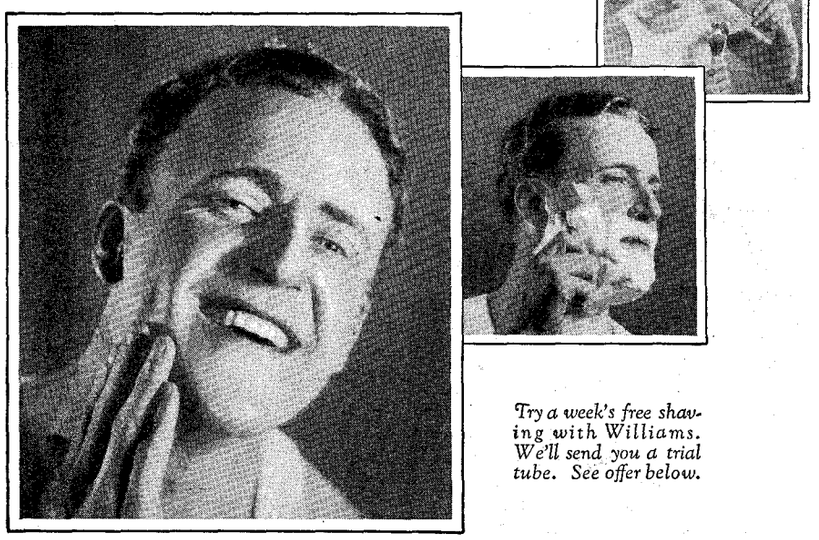
"Close 'em up," said Sutton.

"That's what I say," chorused Madison, Fitzgerald, and the rest.

And so they went about it in the old Dodge City way. They told the City Marshal to "get an ax and go to it." The Marshal proceeded from one joint to another, wielding his trusty ax after the manner of another Kansan who flourished

Glove-smooth

—because Williams Lather does its job



Try a week's free shaving with Williams. We'll send you a trial tube. See offer below.

THOROUGH softening of the beard, that's the whole problem of shaving. Plenty of lathers will do a part-job. If you've a tough hide you may not mind. But if your face is to come through every shave, soft, supple, comfortable, you need thorough softening—and that means Williams!

The magic of Williams lies in its heavy, thick lather. This huge Williams lather is full of moisture. It packs its moisture in against the hairs. Almost instantly the oil-film which makes each hair hard to cut, is broken down. All of every hair is thoroughly softened.

Yet this thorough Williams lather is so gentle that its daily use decidedly benefits your skin. No other shaving cream combines effectiveness and mildness so helpfully as does Williams. It really does its job!

Send for a free trial tube of Williams. Drop your present cream for a few days. Learn just what this famous lather will do.

Use the coupon

For the free trial tube, fill out coupon below or use a postcard. The regular large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube at 50c contains *twice* as much cream and is the most economical tube you can buy.

MAIL THIS FOR FREE TRIAL TUBE
(Sample tube does not have Hinge-Cap)

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 28-B, Glastonbury, Conn. If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Limited, St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

Digest 8-22-25

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—*a scientific* after-shaving preparation
Trial bottle free—Write Dept. 28-B

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Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

In five minutes this lock will be working perfectly★

EVER try to install a lock? A difficult job. Not so with the Corbin Unit Lock. Made and *assembled* by Good Hardware experts, it leaves the factory a complete locking unit—ready to operate the moment it is installed.

★And it is the easiest of all locks to install.

Only a small slot to cut in the door, the Unit Lock slipped in, eight screws fastened, and it is ready to serve you. A Corbin Unit Lock can be attached in one-fifth the time needed to put on any other lock.

Good to look upon, too. Cast in solid brass and bronze. Keyhole in the knob where one's fingers easily find it.

No wonder Corbin Unit Locks are a joy to live with. No wonder thousands of the finest office and public buildings, schools, churches, and houses are equipped throughout with Unit Locks of Good Hardware—Corbin.

The Corbin Unit Lock is interestingly described in a small folder. Be sure to write for it—also "Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware."

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

New York Chicago Philadelphia

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

in that decade, Carrie Nation, of saloon-smashing fame.

"We voted for you—let up on us," the divekeepers cried to Madison and Fitzgerald.

"Sure you did—and we are respecting our oaths of office," they retorted—and the destruction went merrily on.

The last "touch of civilization" was daubed onto Dodge City and is still sticks after thirty years.

The remnant of the old guard, respected in their twilight of life, still dominate Dodge City. The church bells toll, the school bells ring, ex-Sheriff Bell's canaries sing; "Brick" Bond's phonographs play where once the cowboys and coyotes howled; the pioneers of the old cow capital have seen mining-camps and boom towns come and go, but to-day they see their city survive—and thrive. Yes, the Dodge City pioneer was a soft-spoken but efficient citizen.

His heart wuz where God put it;
His blood wuz alluz red;
His mouth he alluz shut it
When troubles wuz ahead.

WHAT LLOYD GEORGE WANTED FROM SANTA CLAUS

"ALLENBY, I would like Jerusalem as a Christmas present!"

The speaker was Lloyd George, according to a functionary of the League of Nations in an address to the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Massachusetts. It was back in the days of the Great War, and the British Premier had called up General Allenby on the telephone. When he had modestly designated the Christmas present he desired, the conversation continued, we read, as follows:

GENERAL ALLENBY: That depends on you.

LLOYD GEORGE: I don't understand why that depends on me. You are my General, and I tell you to go and get Palestine and Jerusalem.

GENERAL ALLENBY: Well, it depends on you, because it will depend on the material which you supply.

LLOYD GEORGE: What do you want?

GENERAL ALLENBY: I want eight divisions, 40,000 camels, so much heavy artillery and so many machine-guns.

LLOYD GEORGE: All right!

GENERAL ALLENBY: All right, you shall have Jerusalem as a Christmas present.

This intimate bit of history was recounted by Dr. William E. Rappard, of the University of Geneva, Swiss member of the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. Dr. Rappard visited Palestine with Mr. Balfour recently, the New York *Times* tells us, and he is quoted as saying:

"Zionism is one of the most extraordinary political phenomena that I have ever studied. Palestine is an intellectual fairyland, because the contrasts are so astounding. The Arabs are in the majority, but

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they have nothing to give to the world comparable to the Jews, either in energy or intellect."

Dr. Rappard said that leading Zionists had told him that it was essential that Zionists should work together in communities at first, in order that Palestine might be built up for future generations without the urge of private ownership.

"I see no precedent for anything like this in history," he went on. "I do not know where to look for any other similar movement, which is religious but anti-theological.

"One of the conditions of prolonged success in Palestine, of course, must be the establishment of good relations with the Arabs, which is a very great problem.

"The civilized world has never been entirely fair to the Jews, and the civilized world—if we can fix responsibility on such a vague body—owes them a compensation, and this issue is one that affords them very real gratification."

Continuing, Dr. Rappard declared that the Jews in Palestine came from Eastern Europe, that they were flourishing, and that it was the only place he knew of today where there was a rush to the land. He said that the Jews in Palestine were establishing funds with which to purchase land, and that this land was let out to agricultural communities, composed of twenty to thirty families, which operated on a communistic basis. They would admit only people of physical energy and a desire to till the land, he went on. The problem, he said, was not to encourage immigration, which is now proceeding at the rate of 3,000 a month, and is using all the available funds, but is to regulate and diminish the flood of immigrants.

The mandate problem, he asserted, is especially intricate and interesting in Palestine, because in all the other mandated territories the problem is merely to govern, while in Palestine it is to establish a homeland for the Jewish race. He pointed out four reasons which actuated the British in assuming their present responsibilities in Palestine—desire to control both banks of the Suez Canal, desire to regain prestige in the Arab world, renaissance of the Crusader spirit, and desire to establish a national home for the Jews.

Dr. Rappard, also described a meeting in 1906 between Lord Balfour and Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the Zionist leader, which he said had had a great influence on the British attitude toward Palestine.

"After several minutes' conversation about the interest of the Jewish cause, about the value of a solution which would appease Jewish discontent the world over," said Dr. Rappard, "Dr. Weizmann realized that Lord Balfour was thinking of the immortality of the soul or one of those other subjects which preoccupied him more than politics, as a rule; and deciding to play his trump card, he said, 'Which do you prefer, Paris or London?'

"This rather extraordinary question struck Balfour as particularly impertinent, coming from a young man. Balfour said, 'I do not understand that question,' whereupon Dr. Weizmann said, 'I ventured to ask you to tell me which you prefer, London or Paris.' Mr. Balfour, then thinking he had understood Weizmann's motives, said, 'Of course, I prefer London, but that has nothing to do with Zionism, because it happens that we have London.' Weizmann declared to Mr. Balfour, 'Do you realize that London was a marsh when we had Jerusalem?'

"Mr. Balfour was tremendously impressed by that conversation, which lasted

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In the Summer Time
HOTEL LA SALLE
Answers the Question—
Where to Eat in Chicago

The roof garden with its cooling lake breezes and dance floor, and Hotel La Salle's five other inviting dining rooms, artificially cooled—answer the question, "Where shall we eat?" when in Chicago.

The same fine foods—luxurious service—moderate prices—are common to all. The Rookwood Room attracts everyone. Men find the Men's Cafe to their liking. In the Dutch Room an informal atmosphere prevails, and—for more festive occasions—there's the Blue Fountain Room or the Louis XVI Room.

These distinctive dining room services are only a part of the many unique advantages of Hotel La Salle.

Hotel La Salle
La Salle *at* Madison Street, Chicago
Ernest J. Stevens, *President*

Rates for Rooms

Number of Rooms	Price per Day 1 Person	2 Persons
73	$2.50	$4.00
129	3.00	4.50
33	4.00	5.50
141	4.00	6.00
78	4.50	6.50
268	5.00	7.00
146	6.00	8.00
158	7.00	9.00

1026 Guest Rooms

Fixed-Price Meals
Breakfast.... 50c and 70c
Luncheon..... 85c
Dinner..... $1.25
Sunday Dinner.... 1.50
A la carte service at sensible prices

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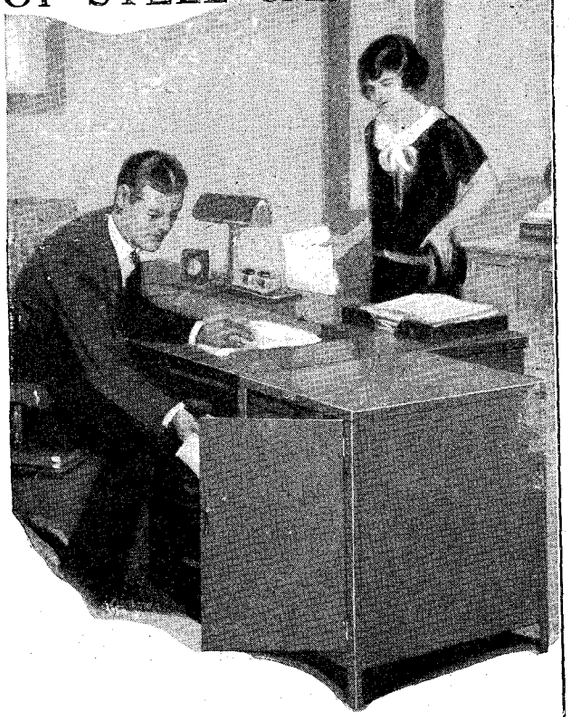
THE LYMETCO LINE
OF STEEL CABINETS AND TABLES



Handy as memory —and trustworthy

FOR the safe keeping of valuable records often referred to, the Desk-hi Cabinet offers perfect facilities. Desk-hi, useful and lastingly handsome, typifies the Lymetco Line of steel cabinets and tables.

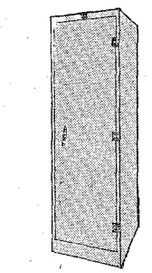
In the mind of a Lyon designer, steel —strong, durable, utilitarian—takes on lines of beauty. Under the hands of Lyon workers the ideas of the designers are accomplished. The standard finish is baked enamel in Lymetco green but, at little extra cost, you may have oak, walnut, mahogany or ivory gray.

Years of making storage equipment of steel—Lyon Steel Lockers, Steel Shelving and other steel products—for many industries lie back of the development of The Lymetco Line—the latest among many accomplishments.

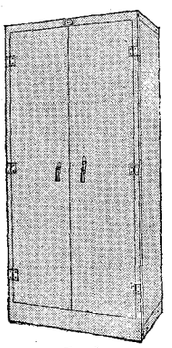
The Lymetco Line is sold by stationers, office equipment, furniture and department stores. Write for the name of the dealer in your town and for descriptive literature.

LYON METALLIC MFG. COMPANY
AURORA, ILLINOIS

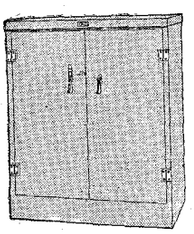
LYON STEEL PRODUCTS



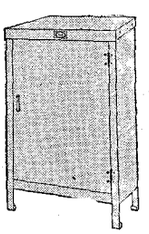
Won-dor
A lot of store room in a little space.



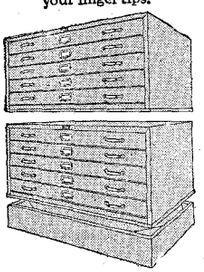
Tu-dor
A spacious general utility cabinet.



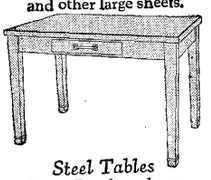
Counter-hi
Useful in both stores and offices.



Desk-hi
Handy storage right at your finger tips.



Li-flat
For drawings, blueprints and other large sheets.



Steel Tables
Rigid. Reinforced tops. Linoleum covered.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

for two hours, and at the end of which Mr. Balfour was a convinced Zionist."

Dr. Rappard said that Jews differed from the people among whom they live in that "they have in common a consciousness of their own differences."

"That is quite enough," he went on, "to constitute a race, not in the anthropological but in the sociological sense. That consciousness is both external and internal. They have it very strongly themselves, and if they did not have it they would be reminded of it very often by the non-Jews among whom they live. Therefore, the non-Jews are as conscious of the unity of the Jewish race as the Jews are themselves. Besides this consciousness of a collective unity the Jews have never given up the hope and aspiration of returning to their native home.

ANSWERING YOUR ESTEEMED FAVOR

"ENGLISH As She Is Wrote" in business correspondence is now upon the carpet for reform, we learn from a lively article by Maurice H. Weseen. "Yours to hand and contents duly noted" must be relegated to the scrap-heap, he contends, together with a quantity of verbal junk consisting of orthodox phrases of the business letter, whereof Mr. Weseen cites a large and distressing number. Writing in *The Nation's Business*, he opens with a sample letter, evidently apocryphal and intended as a "horrible example." It reads:

DEAR SIRS:

Your esteemed favor of the 28th ult. to hand and contents duly noted. In reply beg leave to state same will receive careful consideration at earliest possible moment.

In *re* the matter of current prices, please find enclosed herewith latest quotations up to this writing as per your kind request. Along this line please be advised that new list will be forwarded in near future as soon as same comes off the press.

Thanking you in advance for valued favor referring to above subject and waiting further favors along these lines, writer begs to remain.

Most respectfully yours,
DEAD LETTER CO.

And the writer inquires of the reader:

Do you receive letters like that? If your correspondence is extensive, you probably do. If you have escaped thus far, you are reasonably safe, for gems like that are becoming rarer every day. They were plentiful a few years ago. But times are changing. The correspondent who mails such letters to-day is a marked man. He reveals himself as a survival from a bygone age. And like other hang-overs, he is neither very popular nor very long-lived.

The Post-office Department reports that in 1924 nearly twenty million pieces of mail found their way to the dead-letter office, there to be opened and investigated by post-office officials. The cost of handling this enormous volume of dead mail is mounting to such figures that it ought to be classified among our national wastes. The Post-office Department is seeking the active cooperation of all business men in an

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effort to reduce the amount of dead mail and thereby to eliminate this needless expenditure. Every advertiser and every person or firm with a letter-head can assist in this good cause by including a specific mail address in every advertisement and in every letter. This will enable correspondents to address their mail to street and number. If every one who sends or receives mail will do his part, the flood of dead letters constantly pouring into the dead-letter office can be greatly reduced.

But not all dead letters go to the dead-letter office. Enormous as it is, the volume of dead mail that reaches the postal waste-basket is insignificant when compared with the number of dead letters that go elsewhere. Because they are correctly and completely addrest, millions of them reach their destinations, and are opened and read. It is these dead letters that concern us here, the letters that are dead, not because they are not delivered, but because they themselves don't deliver. Each of them reaches its addressee: but no one of them ever reaches his mind.

The letters that end up in the dead-letter office do no good. True enough. But, at least, they do no harm. Not so with the dead letters that are delivered. Every one of them will exert an influence of some kind. However slight the attention bestowed upon a letter by the recipient, that act of attention will result in his forming, involuntarily, some kind of an impression of the message and of the man that wrote it. The impression will be either good or bad, either positive or negative, either favorable or unfavorable. Therein lies the importance—the danger, too—of the delivered message, in its potential influence for good or ill. If it is a live letter, it may work wonders. If it is a dead letter, it may do untold harm.

The potential power of the business letter is being recognized. Leading business institutions in all parts of the country are trying systematic efforts to eliminate their dead letters and to develop correspondents who can produce live letters. Among the leaders in the movement for better business letters are the following:

American Rolling Mill Company
Chalmers Motor Company
Commonwealth Edison Company
Crane Company
De Laval Separator Company
Dennison Manufacturing Company
Franklin Motor Company
General Electric Company
B. F. Goodrich & Company
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Larkin Company
Montgomery Ward Company
National Cash Register Company
National City Bank of New York
Remington Typewriter Company
Joseph T. Ryerson & Son
Sears, Roebuck & Company
Western Electric Company
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
Wilson & Company

Note the diversity. Interest in better business letters is not confined to any particular class of business.

Most of these firms, the writer tells us, have embarked in letter reform by employing specially qualified men, concerning whom he tells us:

Some of these men are known as correspondence supervisors, some as correspondence advisers, and some as correspondence

unbelievable Yet true

from 38° to 68° in the morning in 30 minutes

...with the VENTURAFIN method of Heating!

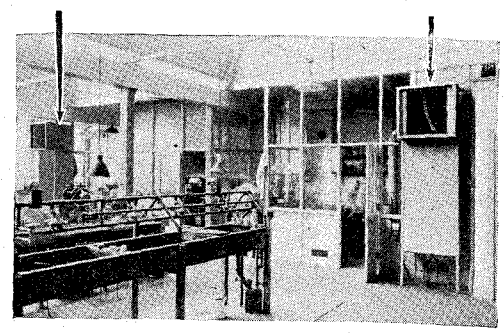
Imagine, if you can, a heating method of such tremendous capacity that one single unit (like the one photographed below) is the equivalent of more than 500 square feet of ordinary radiation, and takes the place of more than two and one-half tons of weight. Think of such a heating system in your building.

Then remember that this unit has more than 5 times the efficiency of direct radiation; that it has the ability to heat up from 38° to 68° in 30 minutes in the morning; that it actually distributes heat over large areas and not in one corner or directly over the heater, and that it is considerably cheaper to buy and install than an equivalent amount of direct radiation.

Mail the coupon today for all the facts on the Venturafin Method of Heating.

AMERICAN BLOWER COMPANY, DETROIT
BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
Canadian Sirocco Company, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

(478)



Solve your next winters Heating Problem NOW!

American "Sirocco" Blower

VENTILATING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING, DRYING, MECHANICAL DRAFT

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL TYPES OF AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT SINCE 1881

COUPON

Send me facts about the Venturafin Method of Heating.

Name_____

Address_____

City and State_____

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John Bagley said: "My Masterpiece"

HERE was the wizard of Virginia tobacconists in quest of a super-fragrance—a pipe blend so rich in aroma as to rival a June breath off his beloved Dixie fields. He tried countless combinations . . . . hundreds of them . . . . mixed tobaccos from every clime and soil . . . . then found the true one in an ingenious blend of sun-sweetened Virginia leaf.

To this magic blend John Bagley gave the name BUCKINGHAM. For sheer tobacco fragrance, bouquet, flavor it cannot be successfully rivalled. Even the women-folk like its wonderfully pleasant aroma.

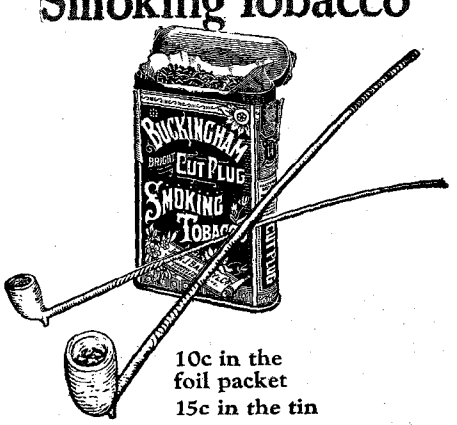
Eager to try this marvelous BUCKINGHAM? John Bagley's masterpiece? Simply ask your dealer for a tin of it.

"Like a June Breath Off Dixie Fields"

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
New York City

Buckingham
Smoking Tobacco



10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

chiefs. Some firms have divided the responsibility for letter improvement among the heads of regular departments.

Nearly all the firms mentioned above have published booklets on letter-writing. These booklets are full of practical suggestions for any one who is desirous of improving his letters. Some firms have preferred to put out their letter-writing suggestions in the form of weekly bulletins. The best series of bulletins that has come to our notice is the one issued by Mr. Sherman Perry, Correspondence Supervisor for the American Rolling Mill Company. This is a veritable mine of valuable information and helpful suggestions to any one interested in business correspondence.

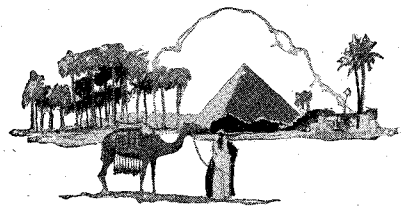
Every company that has tried, systematically, to improve its correspondence has laid special emphasis upon the elimination of useless and cumbersome stereotyped expressions. The first act of a correspondence supervisor usually is to compile a list of these and then try to eradicate them. A study of a number of such lists reveals that the following are the worst offenders:

Above subject
According to our records
Along this line
And oblige
As per your request
At an early date
At the earliest possible moment
At your earliest convenience
Attached hereto
Awaiting your further favors
Beg to remain
Beg to state
By return mail
Contents carefully noted
Enclosed herewith
Enclosed please find
Esteemed favor
Even date
For your information
Hand you herewith
Has come to hand
In *re* the matter of
In reply would say
Kind order
Our Mr. Doe
Permit me to state
Please be advised
Present writing
Pursuant to yours
Recent date
Replying to your favor
Same shall receive attention
Thanking you in advance
Trusting this will prove satisfactory
Up to this writing
Valued favor
Would say
Writer wishes to state

On top of which the writer exclaims:

Where did all this verbiage come from? A glance backward will answer the question. Time was when business letters were rare. Naturally, at that time every letter was looked upon as a formal document, and writers were inclined to resort to terms that were legalistic and high-sounding. Because social classes were sharply divided correspondents went to extremes in their efforts to express formal politeness. When ordinary merchants began to write letters they felt under obligation to load their messages with numerous words and phrases designed to advertise their humility. And

"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"



Sailing
Every Saturday
to the Orient

The most frequent and convenient schedule ever offered to Trans-Pacific travelers is now in effect.

A Dollar President Liner departs every Saturday from San Francisco for Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Suez, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, Boston, New York, Havana, Colon, Balboa and Los Angeles.

In addition, there are fortnightly sailings from Boston and New York for the Orient and Round the World via Panama and California. President Liners also provide a fortnightly service returning from the Orient to San Francisco.

The liners are magnificent oil-burners—comfortable, luxurious and well served. The cuisine is famous.

For complete information communicate with any ticket or tourist agent or with

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE

15 Moore Street, New York City
50 Yamashita Cho, Yokohama
7-A Kaigan Dori, Kobe
29 Nanking Rd., Shanghai
Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Bldg., Hongkong
24 Calle David, Manila

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some of those bootlicking expressions have come down to us.

And some of us call them Business English!

The tendency in all good correspondence is away from cumbersome jargon and toward a style that is simple and conversational. "Write as you talk." Most letters would be improved if the writer would visualize the reader, would imagine him sitting across the table, and would address him as a human being actually present instead of as an abstraction far removed. To the admonition "Write as you talk" ought to be added another: "Be sure that you talk clearly, correctly, and courteously." If your conversation is blest with these qualities, and a reasonable degree of conciseness, the more of it you can introduce into your written message, the better.

The utter absurdity of the business lingo as a substitute for straightforward English is illustrated vividly by an example in the Correspondence Manual published for the staff of La Salle Extension University.

In ordinary conversation one man asks another: "Going to the game to-day, eh? Got tickets?"

But if he is asking this question in a letter, the same man is likely to say: "I was pleased to learn, in conversation with you yesterday, that you are contemplating attending the ball game this P. M. Beg to inquire whether you have purchased tickets for same."

In replying to the question, the man addrest would probably use a single word, "Yes" or "No."

But if he is replying by letter, he probably will say: "Your favor of the eighth to hand and contents noted. Beg to advise that I have not, as yet, obtained tickets, but hope to secure same immediately. Thanking you for the friendly interest manifested in your inquiry, I beg to remain."

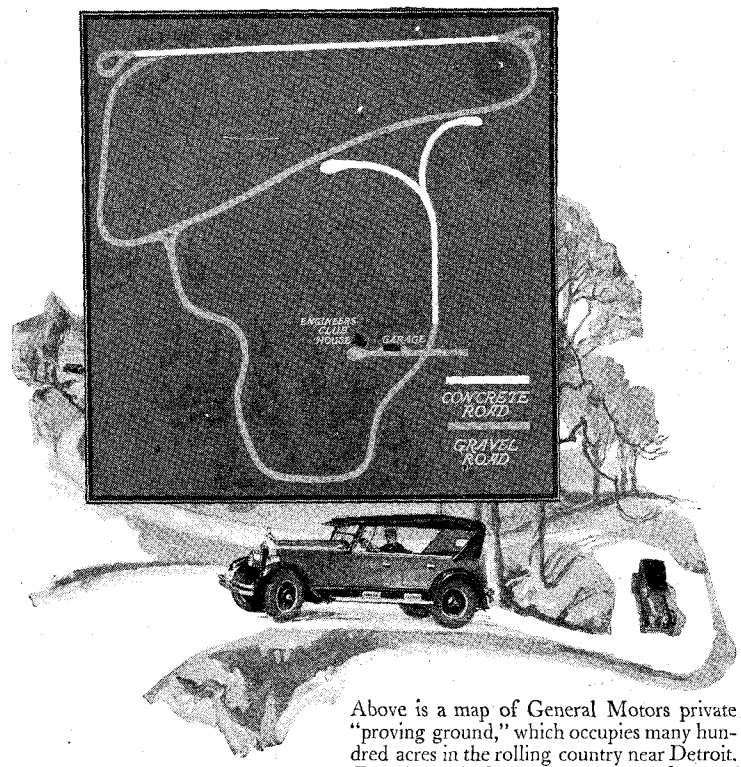
The first man would ask orally, "Jones going?" But in a letter this becomes, "Beg to inquire whether Jones, of Jones, Larkin & Co., will accompany you."

Again, a simple "No" would suffice in conversation. Not so in written form. This requires many words: "Replying to your favor of the eighth, would say Jones, of Jones, Larkin & Co., is otherwise engaged. Trusting that this answers your inquiry satisfactorily and thanking you for your past courtesies, beg to remain."

In a personal meeting the first man would probably announce his decision by saying: "Believe I'll go along." But in writing behold his circumlocutions: "Your esteemed communication of even date received. Beg to suggest that the undersigned accompany you to the game referred to in our communication of the eighth. Trusting that this proposition meets with your entire approval and assuring you of our willingness to serve you to the best of our ability, we are.—P. S. Address all communications in care of the undersigned and refer to file No. 77761."

In dialog the agreement may be completed in this form: "Fine. Get your wife and I'll get mine, and we'll have supper together." But in written form it becomes so involved that the writer finally gives up in despair: "Answering your esteemed favor of even date, would say the undersigned would be pleased to have you accompany me, as he would otherwise go by myself. Undersigned begs further to state that he will also invite my wife. Kindly advise whether your wife will accept undersigned's invitation and join me and his wife at supper afterward."

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



Above is a map of General Motors private "proving ground," which occupies many hundred acres in the rolling country near Detroit. The sketch is from a photograph of one of the test roads.

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INVESTMENTS · AND · FINANCE

PASSING OF THE "PACIFIC MAIL"

A CHAPTER in the romance of American shipping came to an end a few weeks ago when the stockholders of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company voted to accept the offer of W. R. Grace and Company to exchange 150,000 shares of stock for all of the ships of the Pacific Mail except one. Thus another historic American institution goes by the board. For more than seventy-seven years, we are informed by *The Nation*, the Pacific Mail played a great rôle in the annals of American shipping. The reasons for withdrawing from the shipping business, as given by the president of the company, are that the five large Shipping Board vessels which it operated have been sold to the Dollar steamship interests, and that it would be impracticable to maintain transpacific service pending the purchase of a suitable fleet to replace these ships. Nor is the company in a position to finance the construction of modern ships, at an estimated cost of $10,000,000, says an official statement in *The Nautical Gazette* (New York). According to this journal:

The ships of the Pacific Mail fleet, with their gross tonnages, are as follows: *Colombia*, 5,643; *Ecuador*, 5,544; *Venezuela*, 5,641; *Solana*, 6,702; *San Juan*, 2,152; *Corinto*, 1,739.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has been a fixture in American shipping for more than seventy-seven years, having been incorporated under the laws of the State of New York on April 13, 1848. The founding of the company was the direct outcome of a law passed by Congress on March 3, 1847, authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to contract for a mail steamship service from New York to Astoria, Oregon, via the Isthmus of Panama, with calls at way ports. The contract was necessarily split up into two parts, one covering the Atlantic end, which had bimonthly sailings from New York to the mouth of the Chagres River, and the other covering the Pacific side. Under the terms of the Act, the Pacific line had to furnish one monthly sailing with five ships of 1,500 tons, and a subvention of $199,000 per year was appropriated for such a line.

In a New York *Times* article we are told that—

The first steamer, the *California*, sailed from New York October 5, 1848, for Panama—on the western coast—via the Straits of Magellan. There were no passengers. It was a slow trip, with unforeseen troubles. When the *California* reached Panama, a crowd of people was on hand, clamoring for passage on any terms. The *California* had hardly left New York when word reached the East of the discovery of gold in California, and the stampede began.

The Pacific Mail responded to the demand for transportation to the "Golden West" by sending the *Falcon* to Colon, on the eastern coast of Panama. Her passengers had no clear idea how they would cross the Isthmus, nor how they would get the rest of the way to San Francisco. They were lucky, however; they crossed the Isthmus and waited twenty-five days for the *California*. Twenty-eight days more brought them to the gold port. They were the vanguard.

The *California* had no easy time on that first trip. Near port the coal ran short and she burned the lumber with which emergency berths had been built for the Isthmus passengers. No sooner had she cast anchor at San Francisco than crew and officers—all but the sick master—were off to the mines, tho the destination was Astoria, Oregon.

In ten years the Pacific Mail carried 175,000 passengers to California and brought back gold by the ton. It was gold from the Western coast that enabled the United States to stand the economic strain of the Civil War, and by the time hostilities began the Pacific Mail steamers were carrying $100,000,000 a year. Southern privateers lay in wait for them; they would have been a prize richer than Spanish galleons. Yet none of them was taken. Speed and armament carried the California liners through.

The first steamers, the *California* and *Panama* and *Oregon*, were of 1,000 tons, all wooden side-wheelers. At once the company built ships twice as big. In ten years it had a fleet of twenty-nine. Eventually the New York-Isthmus Line established by George Law was taken over and the transpacific service was started in 1867, when the capital was increased from $4,000,000 to $20,000,000.

The Pacific was just being discovered by passenger ships. The Suez Canal was not yet done. The Pacific Mail had a subvention of $500,000 for the China and Japan service, and it put four wooden steamers on the run, costly vessels and soon obsolescent. For this it was criticized. Iron steamers of 5,000 tons did not come till the 1870s.

The Pacific Mail looked on the Pacific Ocean as its monopoly. The line had a naval savor because the Government had stipulated in granting the subsidy that the captains be taken from the Navy. The tradition, tho not always observed, lingered till recent years.

The Pacific Mail was fortunate on the whole, but there were losses—

The *Central America* was one of the first; she sank off Florida in 1857, bound for New York with 582 passengers and $1,500,000. She went down after leaking thirty-three hours, and 418 lives were lost.

The *San Francisco* sailed from New York two days before Christmas in 1853, carrying the Third Artillery. She became disabled; she drifted in a storm eight days in the Gulf Stream, and those aboard were taken off only a little while before she went down. Another liner named *San Francisco* was lost twenty years later.

Then there was the *Golden Gate*, which burned off Mexico and added $1,400,000 to the total of sunken treasure. She caught fire Sunday afternoon. The captain headed her for shore, three miles away. Four men at the wheel dropt off, one by one; the last darted back to lash the spokes, with fire all around him. There were 338 aboard; 80 reached shore through the surf, and it was a desert shore.

The sea has few disasters stranger than the loss of the *City of Rio* in 1901. She had come from China and passed the bar into San Francisco Bay. Twenty minutes of clear steaming would have brought her to her dock. The city heard her whistles in the fog—and the *City of Rio* vanished. Where she struck in the fog, how she went down, where she lies, is not known even now.

Till 1898 the Pacific Mail was the only American line in the Pacific. There were changes of many sorts in the interim. Subsidies lapsed after becoming a political issue; railroad interests got hold of the company. The side-wheelers gave way to twenty-one-knot steamers of 27,000 tons displacement. But through all the changing conditions the Pacific Mail kept the glamour of a line that had charted new seas.

WHERE LONDON STILL LEADS—While New York bankers are making many loans which would have been floated in London in the pre-war days, New York has not entirely superseded London in international finance, notes *The Wall Street Journal*. The remark is made in connection with the perusal of the London Stock Exchange Daily Official List, which seems to show that the London exchange does a bigger and wider international business than the New York securities market. As we read in *The Wall Street Journal*:

The London Stock Exchange quotes 251 issues of foreign Governments and provinces, almost all of which are in terms of sterling; 83 issues of foreign municipalities; 176 different bonds of American railways, in terms of dollars, sterling or gold; 48 American railway stocks; and 261 issues of stock or bonds in foreign railways other than those of United States. In addition there are quoted a huge number of obligations of British dominions and colonies, and their industries, as well as many stocks and bonds of public utility, mining, plantation and industrial concerns all over the world.

The New York Stock Exchange lists about 30 bond issues of various foreign railroads, almost entirely Canadian, Mexican or South American; and 118 issues of foreign Governments and cities. A few stocks of foreign corporations are also dealt in here, mostly Canadian and Mexican rails, and foreign shipping, oil and mining stocks. The latter do not total more than a dozen or two.

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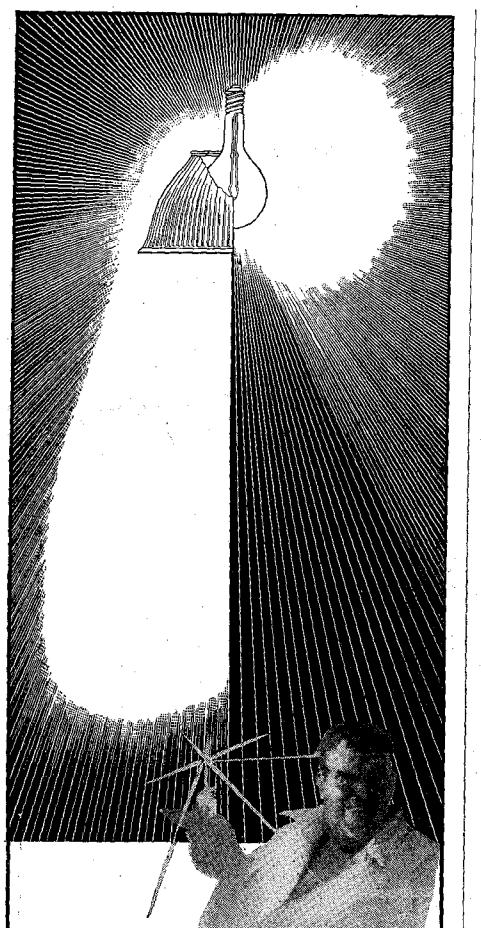

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

August 5.—The American fleet on a visit to Melbourne, Australia, departs after a farewell ball, attended by 6,000 Melbourne people. A hundred American sailors are reported married to Australian women during the visit.

Lieut.-Col. Bernard C. Freyberg, World War hero and holder of the Victoria Cross, fails in his attempt to swim the English Channel when within a scant half-mile of the English coast. He was in the water sixteen hours and forty-five minutes, and had to be taken out because of exhaustion and a changing tide.

The Conference of Ambassadors, acting on instructions from their Governments and in conformity with the promises made last year on acceptance of the Dawes reparations payment plan, requests the Allied Military Committee to arrange as soon as convenient for the evacuation by the Belgians of Düsseldorf, Duisburg and Ruhrort.

Gen. John J. Pershing, president of the Tacna-Arica Plebiscite Commission, announces in Arica that the plebiscite will be conducted with every degree of fairness.

August 6.—By a vote of 351 to 16 the British House of Commons approves the Government's subsidy of £10,000,000 to the coal-mining industry, given to avert a miners' strike.

Dr. Harvey J. Howard, of the Peking Union Medical College, who was captured by Manchurian bandits on July 20, is held by the bandits twenty miles from Fuchow-hsien, according to Samuel Sokobin, American Consul at Harbin.

The American fleet units which have been visiting Sydney, Australia, depart for New Zealand amid tumultuous scenes of friendly farewell.

August 7.—A revolt of Syrians against the French, which recently broke out, is reported to have cost the French 200 killed and 600 wounded.

The report of the League of Nations Commission on the disputed Mosul frontier between Turkey and Irak recommends that the disputed area remain a part of Irak, but only on condition that the League of Nations mandate held by Great Britain be extendable at least twenty-five years.

Sir Surendranath Banerjea, leader of the Indian Liberal party in Bengal, popularly regarded as the "Father of Indian nationalism," dies in Calcutta, in his seventy-seventh year.

August 9.—The Soviet Red Army plans to fight by inoculating its enemies with disease germs, according to information gathered by the Allied Intelligence Department, says a London dispatch.

The American aviators of the new Lafayette Escadrille, who are to assist the French in the Moroccan campaign, land at Casablanca, and begin training for active service.

August 10.—Lillian Harrison, the Argentine swimmer, is nearly drowned in her attempt to swim the English Channel, and is taken from the water when eight miles off Dover. She was in the water seven hours and five minutes.

Abd-el-Krim, leader of the Riffian rebels in Morocco, is reported to have demanded independence of the Riff

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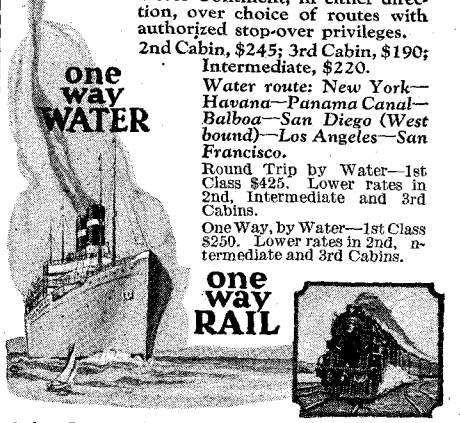

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region as the basis of peace negotiations between the Riffians on the one side and the French and Spaniards on the other.

August 11.—Senator Osmena and Speaker Roxas are elected by the Philippine Legislature as a commission to petition the United States Congress for the "fulfilment of America's pledge to the Philippines."

Four persons are killed, 100 are injured and the village of Vorculo in eastern Holland is destroyed by a typhoon.

DOMESTIC

August 5.—Formal ratification of the two Chinese Nine-Power Treaties are exchanged in the State Department, and both become effective immediately.

August 7.—A petition for a temporary restraining order against Tennessee officials, enjoining them from enforcement of the Tennessee anti-evolution law, is filed in the Federal Court at Knoxville by attorneys representing J. R. Wilson of Rhea Springs, a taxpayer.

August 8.—About 40,000 members of the Klu Klux Klan parade in Washington, and the demonstration passes off without trouble.

Eight pouches of air mail, just arrived from the East at San Francisco, are stolen from a United States mail-truck by six armed men.

August 9.—John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, writes to Samuel D. Warriner, chief spokesman of the operators, that further negotiations to avert the pending miners' strike are useless unless the operators give up their opposition to the check-off and wage-increases.

August 10.—Belgium is ready to meet her just obligations, but desires leniency, says Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador and head of the Belgian debt commission, at the beginning of the debt negotiations in Washington. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon replies that the United States will not exact anything that Belgium can not endure.

Who Cares a Straw?—Five Straws once met and engaged in a heated discussion as to the relative merits of each.

"I am," said the first one, proudly throwing out its chest, "the Straw that broke the camel's back!"

"Huh!" spoke up the second in a sneering tone, "you don't amount to nothin'. I am one of those Straws used by the Weather Bureau to tell which way the wind blows!"

"You're both mere deuces!" exclaimed the third. "Why don't you go and get reputations? I am the Straw at which a drowning man always clutches!"

"And, now," said the fourth Straw haughtily, "if you fools are through with your boasting I'll prove my superiority over all of you. Were it not for me THE LITERARY DIGEST could not poll a Presidential election!"

Whereat the Soda-Water Straw fell in a dead faint without having had a chance to put forth its claim to fame.—*Raymond Daumont in the Louisville Times.*

Had a Terrible Shock.—THE FIRE-EATER—"What sent the snake-charmer into hysterics?"

THE WIRE-WALKER—"She was out taking a stroll in the country and a caterpillar dropt out of a tree on her neck."—*American Legion Weekly.*

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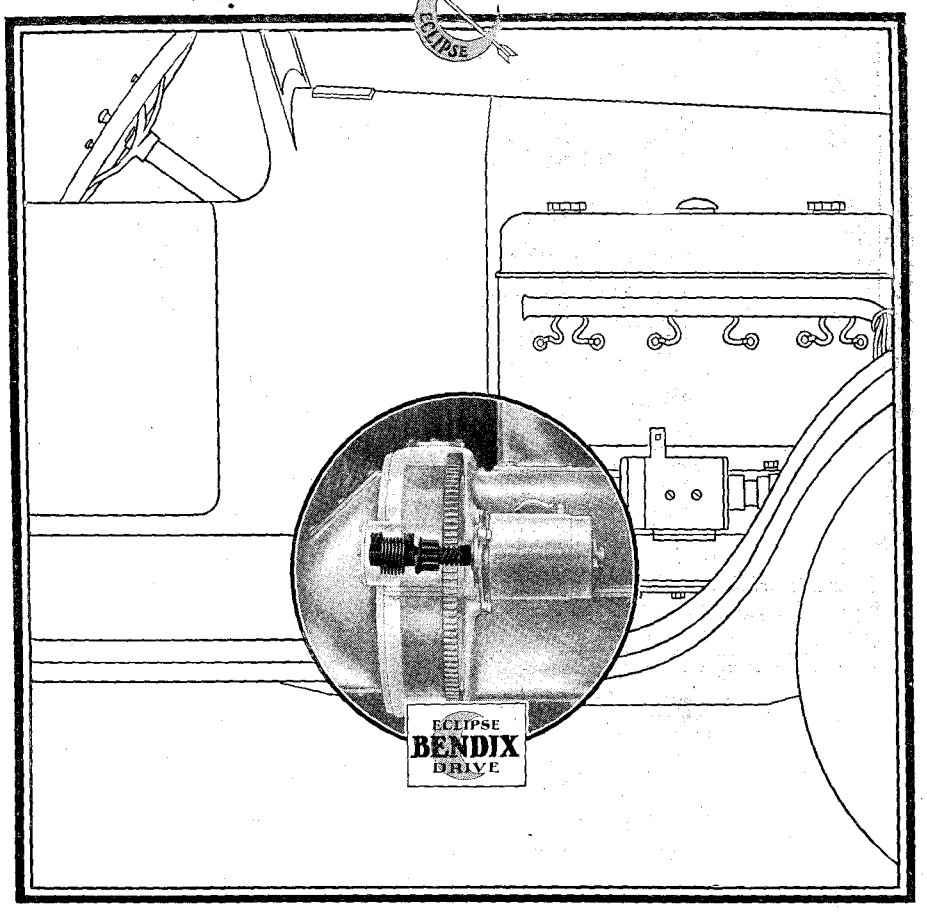

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

phone.—"E. F.," New York City.—*Phone*, as a noun and as a verb, is a colloquial expression used for *telephone*.

than.—"A. B. P.," Torrington, Conn.—Formerly *than* was often but not always used as a preposition. The practise of using a pronoun that ends a sentence in the objective case increases the tendency to the prepositional use of *than*, whence we derive such locutions as "She is younger *than me*," "You are wiser *than him*," frequent in English literature, notwithstanding the opposition of the grammarians who condemn it as bad English.

thirteen.—"T. B. M.," Lakeland, Fla.—*Thirteen* is said to be an unlucky number, especially in the case of thirteen persons sitting at the same table, for superstition declares that one of the diners will surely die within the year. This superstition is very old and widely prevalent. In some of our cities, hotels and business buildings skip 13 in the floor and room numbers. In Paris and other French cities there are houses numbered 12 *bis*, 112 *bis*, etc., in lieu of 13 or 113. Dr. William S. Walsh is authority for the statement that the Turks have almost expunged the number 13 from their vocabulary. The Italians never use it in making up the numbers for their lotteries, and in one of their games the thirteenth card bears the figure of death. In almost all civilized countries may be found educated men and women who would rather die than sit down thirteen at table. The Parisian *pique-assiette*, who lives by dining in other people's houses, is often known as the *quatorzième*, it being the chief part of his business to make the fourteenth to the chance unlucky number.

In New York a club called the Thirteen Club was started in 1884 for the express purpose of downing this superstition. The number of members always consists of some multiple of thirteen, they dine together on the thirteenth of every month, thirteen at a table, their dues are thirteen cents a month, and everything connected with the club is arranged as far as possible by thirteens. From year to year they publish reports to show that individually and collectively they are as healthy, prosperous, and long-lived as the members of any other club.

"The superstition probably grew out of the fact that Christ and his apostles made a total of thirteen at the Last Supper, and gained additional strength and currency through the Norse story of Loki's banquet with the gods in Valhalla. Baldur was the thirteenth at the table, and had to die."

you was, you were.—"M. B.," Cincinnati, O.—A simple rule of grammar forbids the phrase "You *was*," and the interrogation "*Was* you?" "You *were*" and "*Were* you?" are correct.

You, the personal pronoun of the second person, plural, is used also as a singular in addressing a single person *but with a plural construction:* not "You *is*" and "You *was*" but "You *are*" and "You *were*."

You as a singular in "You *was*" attained wide illiterate use, and some literary, in the eighteenth century, but is now considered illiterate, *was* having been superseded by *were*. *You* is always used with the plural construction in direct address.

"B. A. R.," San Jose, Calif.—An adjective used substantively, as, *the real, the good*, is called an *adnoun*.

"H. R. C.," Detroit, Mich.—(1) The word *transmogrify* is used colloquially and humorously in the sense "to convert into a different shape; transform." (2) The word *caster*, in the expression "caster sugar," denotes sugar that may be used in a caster. (3) The word *cagey* is pronounced *ke'ji*—*e* as in *prey*, *i* as in *habit*. It is modern slang and means "wary." (4) If you consult the dictionary you will find that Mrs. Gummidge is a character in Dickens's *David Copperfield*, a querulous old woman to whom Mr. Peggotty gives a home in his boat-house.

"S. C. C.," Hazlehurst, Miss.—(1) The plural of *quota* is *quotas*. (2) The quotation "Comparisons are odious" has been used by many writers; namely, Archbishop Boiardo, Burton, Carew, Donne, Fortescue, Gabriel Harvey, Herbert, Heywood, Lodowich, Whitgift. Shakespeare, however, used "Comparisons are *odorous*" in "Much Ado About Nothing," Act III, Sc. 5, l. 19. (3) The quotation submitted is incorrectly cited. The correct version of it is: "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord," and is to be found in Proverbs, XIX. 17. (4) Elias Mitchell, the scientist, discovered that a mountain peak in North Carolina is the highest in the Eastern States, and during a storm he was killed by a fall from it. It is now called Mount Mitchell or Mitchell's High Peak, and on its summit he is buried.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

As Clear as Mud.—Fish caught this spring are not so large as the ones caught last spring, but they will be by next spring. —*Iola Register.*

Has a Dainty Tooth.—FREE—One goat will eat anything, is fond of children. Apply to J. L. Davis at new Fair Ground store. Phone 561-J.—*Advertisement in Henderson (N. C.) Daily Dispatch.*

Flying in the Face of Providence.—"Have you heard the latest? Mrs. Fisher walks in her sleep!"

"How perfectly absurd . . . when they have *three* cars!"—*The Passing Show.*

And That's Why.—"No, I don't want to buy that horse. He looks as tho he had a mean disposition."

"Dat am nothin', boss. He just got dat look from runnin' in sulky races."—*Brown Jug.*

Eternal Rest for Commuters.—NIRVANA. This beautiful property is now about to be thrown open to the public and divided into building lots. For information apply to Joseph P. Day, 67 Liberty Street.—*Great Neck Billboard.*

Disillusionment.—Houdini, charged with disorderly conduct after smashing up an office, replied: "They locked the door and I had to fight my way out." Bang goes another illusion! We thought he could open anything but a car window.—*The New Yorker.*

Finishing the Job.—"Mother," said a little boy after coming from a walk. "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked his mother.

"Yes," he replied. "He had a horse nearly finished when I saw him; he was just nailing on his back feet."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A Blessing Thinly Disguised.—TEACHER—"Now, suppose I am leaving the school and a man comes up to me, gives me a blow which knocks me down and my head strikes the pavement with great force and I am killed. What is the consequence?"

Pause. Finally a scholar rises and says: "We should have a holiday!"—*Sondagsnisse-Strix, Stockholm.*

Needed Identifying.—They sat at table, he and she, and gazed into each other's eyes, what time he mechanically consumed the food which was set before him.

"Ah," she said, "I am glad you like it. Mother says that there are only two things I can make properly—potato salad and marmalade tart."

"Indeed," said he, "and which is this?"—*Lustige Blaetter, Berlin.*

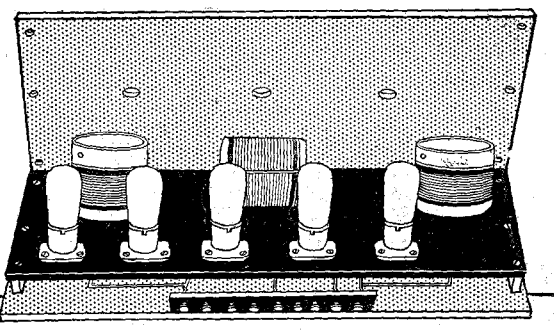
She Knew the Breed.—Little Marion and her next-door neighbor Donald were engaged in an absorbing conversation.

"What are anarchists?" asked little Marion.

Then Donald swelled with wisdom.

"They want everything any one else has got, and they never wash themselves," he replied.

"Oh, yes!" cried little Marion, with enthusiasm. "I see—they is just little boys growed up!"—*Gulf Coast Lumberman.*



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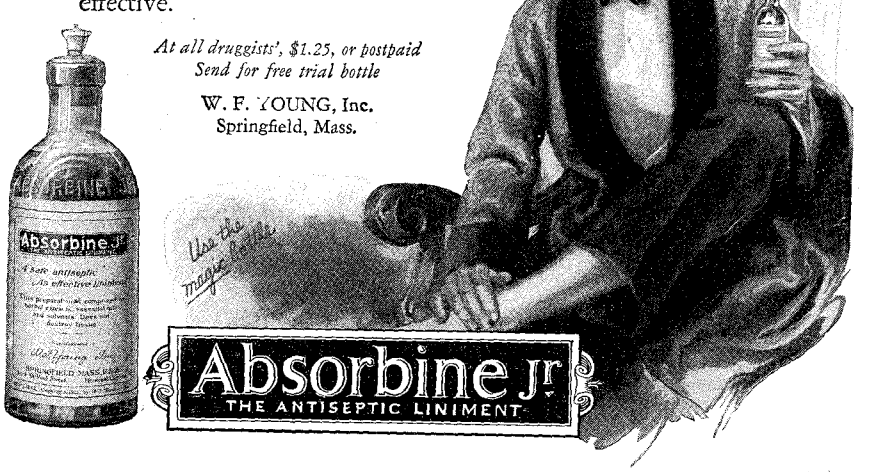

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THE SPICE OF LIFE
Continued

Unkind.—"Ah, we doctors have many enemies in this world."

"Yes—but more in the next!"—*Buen Humor (Madrid).*

Entitled to a Reference.—LITTLE LUCY—"Mother, I must be a very good child. You never keep a maid more than a week or two, but I've been with you ten years."—*Answers (London.)*

Good Gracious!—PANTS now one-third off, match your coat. Try our ready-made pants. (Also pants to order.) Pants Tailors, 426 Moore Bldg., Fourth Floor.—*The San Antonio Light.*

Died Before He Won His Spurs.—GENERAL GREGG, INDIAN WAR AND CIVIL WAR LEADER, NATIVE OF HUNTINGDON; DIED IN 1833—*Headline in Allentown (Pa.) Chronicle and News and Evening Item.*

Not If He's a Good Shot—"Do you think he will miss me," sang the entertainer in a cracked voice.

"If he does, he ought never to be trusted with a gun again," shouted one of the irate audience.—*Medley.*

Somewhat "Disardly" English, Too.—Mays Landing, N. J., Aug. 5 (A. P.)—Given six months in jail for "milisheft mistchef" by Justice of Peace Charles A. Marshall of Northfield, William K. Ireland, nineteen, of Northfield, was brought to the County Jail here on a commitment that is considered by jail attachés as a gem of orthography, and one of the oddest on record.

The commitment, written on a typewriter, gives the charge as follows:

"William K. Irland did commit milisheft mistchef and dis act in a disardly maner by braking and bending the hude and radator of aford turing care, the sead turing care being the propity of Gorge F. Irland, therefore the sead William K. Irland was a disardly person."—*New York World.*

Back In the Old Shop.—For some years the traveling salesman had seen former President Taft breakfasting at the table next his own several times a week, when the present Chief Justice held the Kent Chair of International Law at Yale. The scene was that favorite haunt of commuters and early travelers, Mendel's Restaurant in the Grand Central.

A genial soul was the former President, replying affably to his waitress's gum-choked efforts at small talk.

Then, after President Harding had draped Mr. Taft's ample shoulders with the ermine, the salesman saw him no more at those early and solitary breakfasts, for the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, naturally, no longer traveled periodically to New Haven.

One morning the familiar figure bulked large again in the doorway and Justice Taft proceeded to his customary table for breakfast.

"Ain't seen you in a long time," commented his waitress. "What's th' matter; ain't you with them New Haven people any more?"

"No," replied the Chief Justice, gravely. "I'm back with the first people I used to work for. Good job, and better hours."—*The New Yorker.*

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